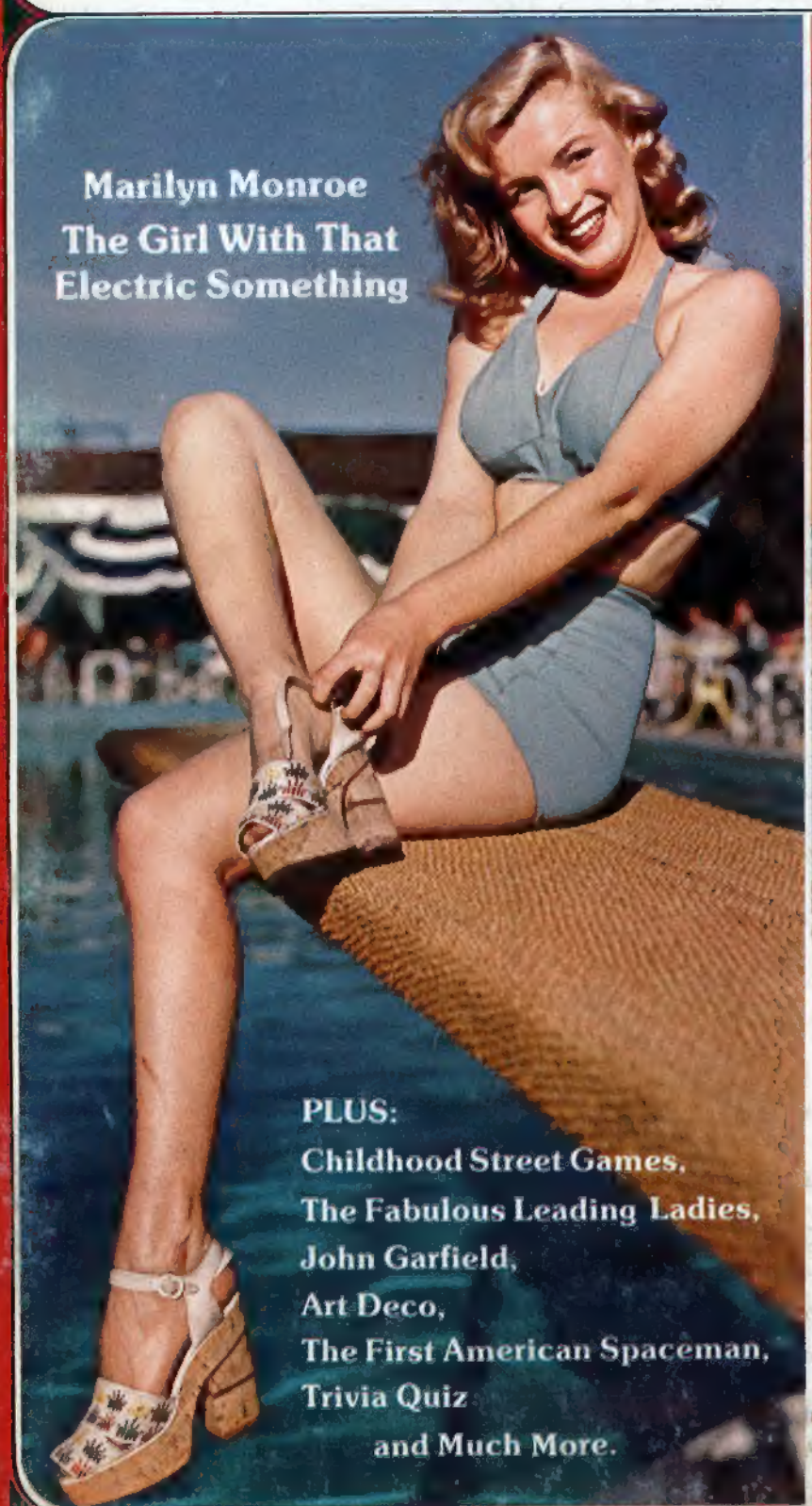
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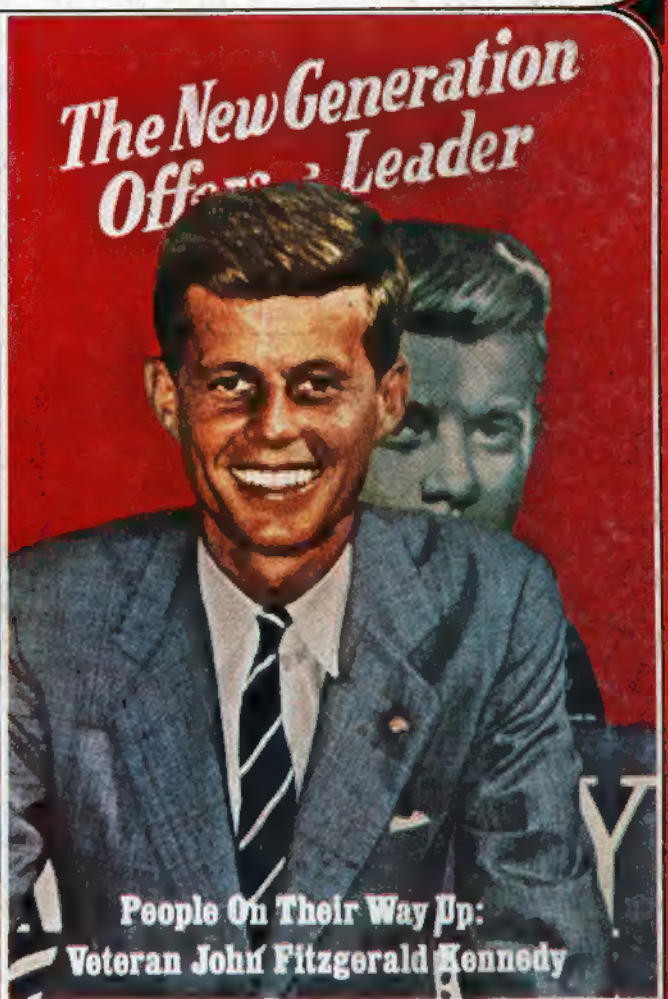
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Roberta—music: Jerome Kern; lyrics: Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein II; Dorothy Fields, Jimmy McHugh; Joan Roberts, Jack Cassidy, Jaye Ballard, Portia Nelson **COS 2530**

Girl Crazy—music: George Gershwin; lyrics: Ira Gershwin; Mary Martin, Louise Carlyle, Eddie Chappel **COS 2560**

Babes in Arms—music: Richard Rodgers; lyrics: Lorenz Hart; with Mary Martin, Mardi Bayne, Jack Cassidy **AOS 2570**

The Boys from Syracuse—music: Richard Rodgers; Lyrics: Lorenz Hart; book: George Abbott; Portia Nelson, Jack Cassidy, Bibi Osterwald **COS 2580**

My Fair Lady—orig. B'way cast—music: Frederick Loewe; book & lyrics: Alan Jay Lerner (after Shaw); with Julie Andrews, Rex Harrison, Stanley Holloway Robert Coote (mono) **AOL 5090**

Ethel Merman/Lyda Roberti/Mae West—15 songs from musicals and soundtracks of the early 1930's (mono) **ACL 2751**

Do I Hear A Waltz?—orig. cast—music: Richard Rodgers; lyrics: Stephen Sondheim; book: Arthur Laurents, with Elizabeth Allen, Sergio Franchi **AKOS 2770**

Ethel Waters—On Stage & Screen (1925-1940) (mono) **CCL 2792**

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Alice Faye in Hollywood (1934-1937) (mono) **ACL 3068**

Miss Liberty—orig. cast—music & lyrics; Irving Berlin; book: Robert Sherwood: Eddie Albert Allyn McLerie, Mary McCarthy (mono) **AOL 4220**

Pal Joey—music: Richard Rodgers; lyrics: Lorenz Hart; book: John O'hara; with Vivienne Segal, Harold Lang (mono) **COL 4364**

A Tree Grows In Brooklyn—orig. cast—music: Arthur Schwartz; lyrics: Dorothy Fields; book: Betty Smith & George Abbott; with Shirley Booth, Johnny Johnston Marcia Van Dyke, Nathaniel Frey (mono) **AML 4405**

The Bandwagon—music; Arthur Schwartz; lyrics; Howard Dietz AND **Anything Goes**—music & lyrics: Cole Porter; with Mary Martin (mono) **AML 4751**

Harold Sings Arlen (With Friend)—Harold Arlen, Barbra Streisand **AOS 2920**

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The Pajama Game—soundtrack—music & lyrics: Richard Adler & Jerry Ross; with Doris Day, John Raitt, Carol Haney, Eddie Foy, Jr. (mono) **AOL 5210**

On Your Toes—music: Richard Rodgers; lyrics; Lorenz Hart; Portia Nelson, Jack Cassidy, Laurel Shelby, Ray Hyson, Robert Eckles, Zamah Cunningham **COS 2590**

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NOSTALGIA IS

Since the first issue of NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED, we've received many requests from our readers for a letters column. Here it is. However, we've decided to go a little beyond that by making this a question-and-answer feature, too. So, if you have any questions pertaining to any particular field of nostalgia (and that covers quite a large area), send them to us and we'll do our best to answer them in a near-future issue. (Please realize that personal responses to queries are impossible due to the huge volume of mail we receive.) Also, since the title of this column is "Nostalgia Is. . . ", we'd like you to all write in and tell us what you think nostalgia is. Now, here's a sampling of the mail that's arrived on our first few issues—

To The Editors:

I just bought the February edition of NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED at the Navy Exchange yesterday. It is the first time that I have seen the magazine and I think it is really great.

On the back cover there were pictures of the covers of the first three issues. The cover of the first issue really interested me because I saw that one of the features was an article on Doc Savage.

I am really a big Doc Savage fan and I certainly would like to obtain a copy of that first issue. Do you have any back issues available or do you know where I could get one?

Very respectfully,
Steve A. Schmidt
Norfolk, Va.

As you've probably noticed, Steven, we've initiated a back-issue department for those readers who weren't with us from the beginning. Simply find the ad elsewhere in this issue, send us the appropriate information and amount of money, and your copies will be winging their way to you in no time!

To The Editors:

I thought the article you wrote on me was—in the vernacular of today—"super"! Now I'm especially glad I took the time to answer the questionaire you sent me. You probably would not believe the number of mail and phone inquiries I get from people who are "writing books, articles, etc." and when I spend time answering, usually there are just *never any* books, articles, etc. However, your inquiry seemed quite professional and I was happy to fill it in—especially now that I have read the finished product. Thank you for being interested enough to write it—and for being kind enough to send me a copy.

Much luck to you in all your future journalistic endeavors.

Kindest Regards,
Darla Hood
(Address withheld)

We'd like to thank Miss Hood for her cooperation while Joe Dera was researching his article on her (See NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED #4); as well as for the above personal reply she sent Joe after reading it. We hope she continues to enjoy the magazine.

To The Editors:

I am 15 and the president of the Jackie Cooper Fan Club. A short time ago our club found out about your magazine, NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED.

We all feel that it's a very nice magazine and were wondering if there is ever going to be any articles on Jackie Cooper, child star of the 30's, teen-age star of the 40's, and, today, actor, director and producer? We think there should be because Jackie Cooper is a very interesting person. . .

Can you please let us know if there will ever be any articles on him in your magazine? Thank you.

By the way, we also read the article about Darla Hood from "Our Gang" in the February issue. It was very interesting.

Yours truly,
Bonnie Kent, Pres.
Jackie Cooper Fan Club
New Hyde Park, N.Y.

To The Editors:

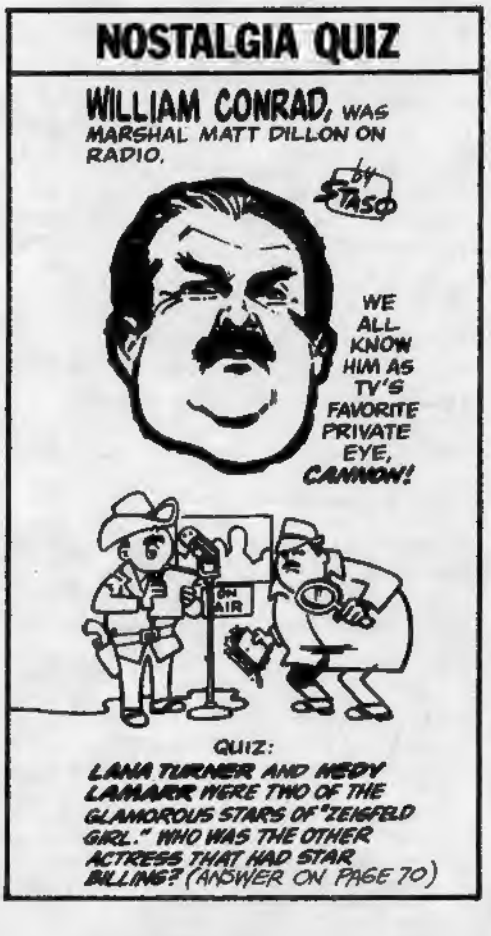
I enjoy NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED very much. It's better than *Liberty* Magazine. But the main reason I'm writing is to request that you do an article on Margaret Hamilton. She has been in over seventy pictures, playing weird people. Yet, I've seen very little about her in print. I believe that, with a little research, an article on Margaret Hamilton should be very interesting. Did you know, for instance, that during her role as the witch in *The Wizard of Oz* she had to be hospitalized for serious burns when the trap door failed as she was supposed to disappear in a puff of smoke. I hope you'll consider doing something on her.

Well, thank you for reading my letter, and the magazine is great.

Sincerely,
Becky Beach
Chicago, Ill.

Well, folks, we can't promise exactly when *we might be publishing articles on either Margaret Hamilton or Jackie Cooper, but,*

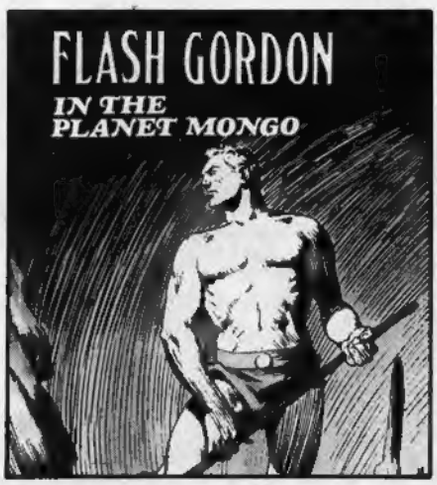
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NOSTALGIA NEWS

TWO FOR COLLECTORS

Flash Gordon In The Planet Mongo and *Prince Valiant In the Days of King Arthur* are two new publications from Woody Gelman's Nostalgia Press, both of which are lavishly illustrated and excellently executed. In the case of Prince Valiant (jointly presented with King Features) it is the first color portfolio of Valiant's adventures and well worth the $12.95 price tag. *Flash Gordon* is also presented jointly with King Features and presents Alex Raymond's originals of the Classic Fantasy Adventure Strip. Both are available from Nostalgia Press, Box 293, Franklin Square, NY 11010.





CAMPAIGN COLLECTIBLES

Time to cash in on the collapse of the empire—the Nixon empire, that is—which saw its final days last year, when the former president bid an anguished farewell to his staff on the White House lawn.

But relics of the reign retain their value. Some, in fact, like the original Nixon-Agnew campaign buttons, are doubling, even quadrupling their worth on the collectors' market.

Prized by dealers and investors, these highly sought after remnants of a historic scandal are becoming increasingly difficult to locate.

Limited numbers are still circulating, and some can be acquired through dealers in "political Americana." One such, Joy Products, is making available to the public a set of two three-and-one-half inch buttons from the '68 and '72 elections. These can be purchased for $2.95 plus 50 cents postage from Joy Products, 24 West 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

REEL HISTORY

Camp devotees and those with a serious interest in film documents of recent history will be happy to hear the newsreel is back.

Twentieth Century Fox, owners and managers of Movietone News, which has been gathering dust on storeroom shelves since 1963, are reeling out yards and yards of the ancient footage, which covers scenes from the battlefield to the fashion runway, and honing them for mass distribution.

Ironically, television, whose "up to the minute" journalism contributed to the medium's demise, will play a large part in resuscitating the weekly newsreel.

To be aired shortly is a project on Jacqueline Onassis and a possible series called "Lowell Thomas Remembers" which would feature Thomas commenting on events presented in vintage Movietone clippings.

Further developments could include the introduction of newsreels as part of inflight film programs, and the sale of record albums starring the newsreel sounds of yesteryear.

New York area movie houses have been packing them in with old time newsreels, so watch for Movietone to make a comeback in your part of the country.



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CORRECTION: In Volume 2, Number 5, May 1975 issue, page 53, the caption for the *Lone Ranger* strip should read: "Copyright, 1941, Lone Ranger, Inc. Copyright, 1975, Lone Ranger TV, Inc."

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SUPERFAN

Talk about FANatical devotion: For the past 30 years, Charles Finley of Hollywood, Ca., has assembled 150,000 items, including 85,000 stills, a six-foot scrapbook of clippings, four original paintings, dress labels, tea labels, dixie cup tops, baby pictures, and over 500 magazine covers from 42 different countries—all memorabilia from the career of film star Jeanne Crain.

"I've seen all her 42 films at least a dozen times," boasts Finley. "It's her wonderful personality, the inner warmth and charm, and, of course, her beauty. In person or on the screen, she is very much the same."

Finley and Miss Crain recently appeared together on a special NBC News salute to fans of the nation. If he keeps this up, he may become as celebrated as the object of his mania.

Still tirelessly searching for material, Charles now deals mainly with foreign collectors, as he feels he has almost everything ever printed in the U.S. He should. The estimated value of his collection is well over $10,000.

IN MEMORIAM

William Hazlett Upson, creator of *The Saturday Evening Post*'s popular Botts character, died last February in Middlebury, Vermont. He was 84.

Upson, a graduate of Cornell University, worked for a time at Caterpillar Tractor. It was at Caterpillar that he created Alexander Botts, the crack salesman for Earthworm Tractor Company who enlivened the *Post*'s pages from 1925 to the day he was retired in 1971.

Vivien Kellems, whose single-handed, twenty-odd-year battle with Internal Revenue won her national fame, died on January 26, at 78, of pneumonia.

Punctuating Miss Kellems' long and varied career as a theatrical publicist, lecturer, industrialist, and sometime candidate for public office, were her vociferous protests against the Federal tax system.

Miss Kellems began her anti-tax campaign in 1943 and surfaced again intermittently, announcing in 1971 that she would not pay Federal taxes because tax laws discriminated against single people, and later presenting the Government with a bill for revenue collected from her "illegally" over a twenty-year period—a bill which came, according to Miss Kellems' reckoning to $76,323.40.

Ben Blue, the sad-faced comedian, performed for over 50 years in movies, music halls, vaudeville stages, nightclubs, radio and television. He began his career as a chorus boy of 15 in a musical comedy (George M. Cohan's *Irene*) in 1917 when it was in try-out in Montreal where Ben Blue was born. From there he went on to an almost innumerable list of performances, including such movies as *Panama Hattie; High, Wide and Handsome; For Me and My Gal; It's A Mad, Mad, Mad World* and *The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming.* He also was a regular guest performer on television appearing with Imogene Coca and Sid Caesar, Frank Sinatra, Perry Como and others. Among the many tributes paid to Ben Blue was this from Ray Bolger: "A man who always made me laugh." Ben Blue was 73 years old.

NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED

The Pleasures of the Past

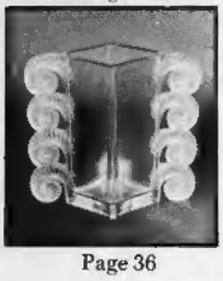

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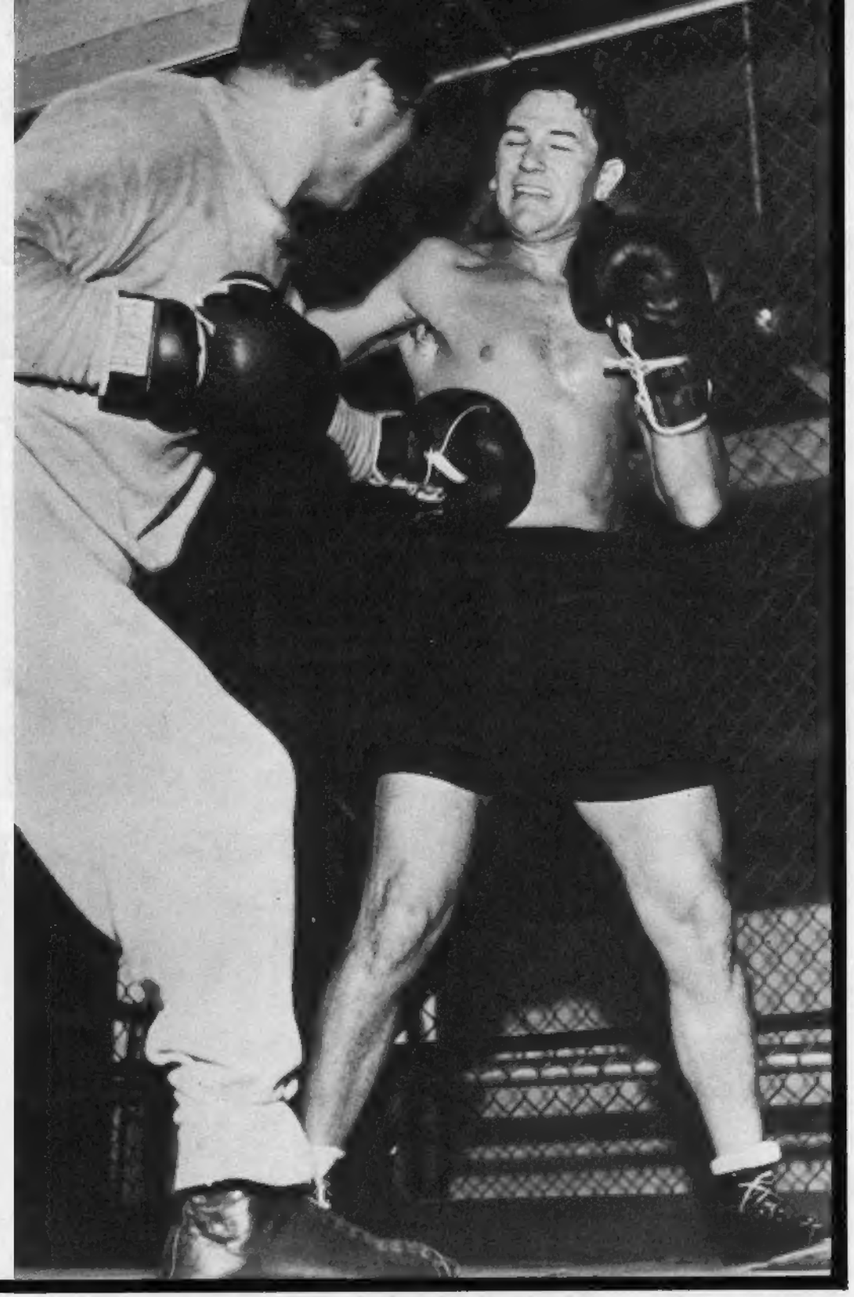

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Garfield received an Oscar nomination for Body and Soul, *shown here.*



JOHN GARFIELD: THE REBEL AS HERO

By Penelope Ross

In August, 1938, a Warner Bros. Film called *Four Daughters* opened at Radio City Music Hall in New York, featuring the film debut of a 25-year-old actor named John Garfield. The *New York Times* review raved: "As the most startling innovation in the way of a screen character in years, a fascinating fatalist, reckless and poor and unhappy, who smokes too much, who is insufferably rude to everyone, and who assumes as a matter of course that all the cards are stacked against him, Mr. Garfield is such a sweet relief from conventional screen types. . . . It is one of the best pictures of anybody's career, if only for the sake of the marvelously meaningful character of Mickey Borden as portrayed by John Garfield who bites off his lines with a delivery so eloquent that we still aren't sure whether it is the dialogue or Mr. Garfield who is so bitterly brilliant." With that one film, John Garfield not only became that rarity, a genuine overnight star, he created a wholly new type of screen character—the rebel as hero—one that has continued to flourish into our own time with rebels such as Brando, Paul Newman, Warren Beatty and the late James Dean and Montgomery Clift.

Until Garfield came along, screen roles had been rigidly divided between the hero—upright, secure in his own moral values, active and a part of society—and the villain—anti-social and destructive. True, James Cagney in the 30s was playing his villain roles with such style, charm, energy and intelligence that the audiences often sided with him. Humphrey Bogart's anti-hero was still a few years away from *The Maltese Falcon*, locked into dying violent deaths as the baddie in dozens of gangster films, albeit with a uniquely magnetic manner. Garfield however presented something fresh and different with a character in which good and evil were not mutually exclusive, a man who had inner conflicts and who felt that society had wronged him. An ambivalent character, there was always a chance, but no guarantee, that he would work out his conflicts with himself and society successfully. Such a character kept audiences off-balance, but in him they could recognize a genuinely human type, one that was to be everywhere during the Depression and beyond.

Audiences may further have sensed that John Garfield was playing a character who bore a strong resemblance to his own life—one who had to deal with conflicting ambitions and a childhood filled with poverty and unhappiness. Garfield had been born Jules Garfinckle on March 4, 1913 in New York. His father, David "was a presser in a factory during the week, but a cantor on weekends and holidays." His mother, Hannah, died when he was seven, and when his father remarried a couple of years later, the family moved to the Bronx. There, Jules started to run with juvenile gangs and caused enough trouble to get himself expelled from several schools. Finally, he was sent to P.S. 45 in the Bronx, where the principal,

Angelo Patri, was noted for his treatment of problem children.

Garfield always credited Patri wit being "the beginning of everything for me." With the principal's encouragement, he took up boxing and became good enough to become a Golden Gloves semi-finalist. He also began to study drama on scholarship with additional expense money provided by his own job as a newsboy and a weekly supplement from Patri. Soon after high school, Garfield joined the recently formed Group Theater, where his life as a professional actor really began. It was a relationship that was to have repercussions for the rest of his life.

The Group Theater was home base for a brilliant collection of actors, writers and directors, most of whom were radical in their approach to both politics and the theater. The Group nurtured and promoted writers like Elmer Rice and Clifford Odets, director Harold Clurman and a fledgling actor named Elia Kazan. The Group first cast Jules Garfield (he had recently changed his last name) in the road company of Rice's *Counsellor At Law* where he performed so admirably that he was transferred to the Broadway production. From there, he went to play the lead in a commercial Broadway hit comedy, *Having Wonderful Time*, but left to return to the Group when Clifford Odets promised him the lead in his new play, *Golden Boy*, a role perfectly suited to his acting talent and experience as a boxer. Instead, Harold Clurman, the director, gave the role to his brother-in-law, Luther Adler and cast Garfield in a small comic part.

Embittered by that experience, and encouraged by his wife, Roberta, whom he had married in 1932, Garfield signed a contract with Warner Bros. in 1938, with a most unusual clause for that time which permitted him to do one play a year after giving the studio 60 days' notice. Garfield once said of that clause, "I came to Hollywood fully expecting to hate it and all set for the kick in the pants I felt sure I would get. In fact, when I signed with the studio, I left a good wide, neat and clean exit through which I could make my farewell bow with as much grace as possible." But, in seven years with the studio, he only exercised his stage option once—when he returned to Broadway to star in *Heavenly Express* with Burl Ives and Aline McMahon. He refused another opportunity when the Group Theater, after his success in *Four Daughters* offered him the lead in their London production of *Golden Boy*. Undoubtedly still hurting from his loss of the role in the first place, plus the Group's disdainful attitude when he first went to Hollywood, he turned them down. That decision, however, turned out to have negative repercussions for Garfield. For after his brilliant screen debut, Warners put him to work playing the rebel hero in film after film. When the films were well written and directed, such as *Daughters Courageous*, a variant on *Four Daughters* or *Saturday's Children*, they were successful. But Garfield was frequently seen in shoddy and forgettable films in which all that was required was that he go through the motions of being misunderstood and moody, often to be saved from himself in the last reel by Priscilla Lane. Audiences and critics soon began to wonder why the studio was trapping their newest star in the same role and turning his innovation into stereotype.

Garfield yearned and fought to get away from such roles, recognizing that they were slowly destroying his career. His stint on Broadway had been done partly as an attempt to make the studio aware that he was a gifted actor with a much wider range than they were allowing him to show. It didn't help. Only a couple of pictures from the early 40s stand out as atypical of the mold—*The Sea Wolf* (1941), based on a Jack London story and *The Fallen Sparrow* done on loan to RKO in 1943, in which Garfield had the chance to play a more active anti-hero type who battled not only his fears about his sanity, but the Nazis as well, and triumphed over both. But for the most part, his career in the early 40s was a series of disappointments, both in what he did and what he lost, most notably the chance to play Jack London, one of Garfield's heroes, in the autobiographical *Adventures of Martin Eden*. It wasn't until 1945 that Garfield had a role worthy of his talents in *Pride of the Marines*, the true story of Al Schmid, who had been blinded in the war. He was then loaned to MGM for *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, with Lana Turner.

Returning to Warner Bros. he



In Pride of the Marines, *1945.*





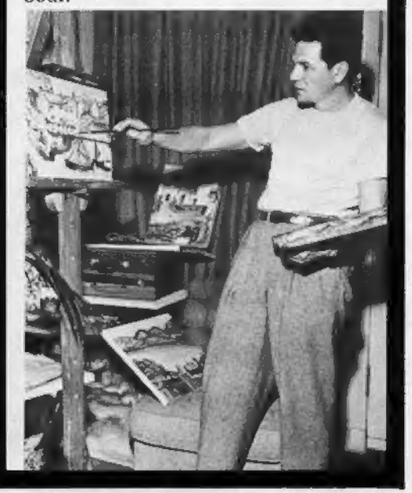
Garfield in Warner's Destination Tokyo, *top and* The Breaking Point.



A scene from They Made Me A Criminal *with the "Dead End" Kids. Below, Garfield as the sleuthing hero of the 1943 release,* The Fallen Sparrow.



Boxer turned painter in Body and Soul.



made his last film for them under his contract. It was *Humoresque*, in which he played a brilliant violinist with a hunger for both artistic and material success. More complex than many of the roles he had played recently and certainly in a glossier high-priced setting with Joan Crawford as star, the film was a commercial hit. But it came at a time of personal troubles. Robert Blake, who played the Garfield character as a child, remembered having trouble with one scene that required him to cry. Garfield had the set cleared, went and sat with the boy and said, "We both have a lot to cry about," and continued to talk to him until both man and child were in tears and the scene could be filmed. The tears were genuine. The year before, Garfield's oldest child, a six-year-old daughter, had suddenly and horribly choked to death on a bit of mis-swallowed food, a tragedy for any parent, but especially for one as devoted to children as he was. Blake recalled that Garfield would come on the set to carry him around and talk to him, and was altogether so kind that the boy hoped that one day Garfield would take him home with him for good.

John Garfield finally ended his contract as the Warners' "official gall and wormwood taster," as one movie reviewer called him, and formed his own production company—Enterprise Studios—in 1946, to give himself the chance to make better movies with better roles for himself. To prove that his own taste and perception were superior to those who type-cast him, Garfield's first film as an independent moviemaker was the best of his career, both in his acting and in writing and direction. It was the classic *Body and Soul*, co-starring Lili Palmer, with a screenplay by Abraham Polonsky and direction by Robert Rossen, who had written several of Garfield's films at Warners. The story in some ways may have been a reflection of Garfield's own state of mind—a study of a boy who turns to boxing, his only talent, to escape the terrible poverty of his life and how that skill gets him both money and grief and comes close to destroying his values and the people who love him. *Body and Soul* was a big hit and was also the only time in his career that Garfield was nominated for an Academy Award.

He then went to 20th Century Fox to play a brief role in *Gentleman's Agreement*, directed by his old Group Theater friend, Elia Kazan. Garfield was quoted as saying "That was a part I didn't act. I felt it with all my heart." Twenty-five years later, this study of pervasive anti-Semitism in polite society has lost much of its power, but Garfield's performance remains so extraordinarily vibrant



Garfield with Eleanor Parker (top and below) in Pride of the Marines.



that it is a shock to realize he is on the screen less than 20 minutes in his role of a Jewish G.I. And in an ironic contrast to his screen image as a brooder, Kazan recalled why he wanted Garfield. "I suggested him for the role because he had a natural ebullience, he was life-loving. He would be bouncy, playful."

The next year, 1948, Garfield returned to Broadway to play the lead in *Skipper Next To God*, for which he won the Antoinette Perry Award (the theatrical equivalent of the Oscar). Inexplicably, he turned down Kazan's offer of the lead in *A Streetcar Named Desire* claiming that Blanche's role overshadowed that of Stanley, thus opening the way for Marlon Brando's emergence as the newest rebel star. Garfield returned to Hollywood to make *Force of Evil*, for his own company, with Abraham Polonsky as writer and director. Although the reviews were good, the film was a commercial flop, but has since attained some status among *auteur* enthusiasts because it was Polonsky's directorial debut, and the only film he directed in the next 20 years. It wasn't a lack of talent that stopped him; the shadows of anti-Communist hysteria had started to spread over the movie industry, and Polonsky was an early blacklist victim.

In the next two years, Garfield made several more films—including two based on Hemingway short stories, *Under My Skin* and *The Breaking Point*, the latter noteworthy not only for its fine acting, but because it was one of the earliest movies to show a genuine and equal friendship between a black man and a white man. But Garfield's film career was almost over. In 1951, he was called before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, to answer questions as to why he had signed an *amicus curiae* brief circulated by John Huston and William Wyler on behalf of the Hollywood Ten—the group of writers, including Dalton Trumbo and Ring Lardner, Jr., who had been blacklisted and denied employment by the studios. It was quite in keeping with John Garfield's beliefs to have signed that petition. In 1947, he had stated in an interview, "Actors should express their political convictions," and despite his wealth in later years, his convictions were always extremely liberal.

Garfield's testimony before the Committee was by all accounts a disaster—so confused, contradictory and unconvincing that many people thought he was a moron. While the truth will never be known, it is very likely that the bizarre way in which he testified

(*Continued on page 74*)



Garfield makes love to Maureen O'Hara in RKO's The Fallen Sparrow.



With Claude Rains and Anne Shirley in the classic Daughters Courageous.

PEOPLE ON THEIR WAY UP

Politically, 1946 was the Year of the Veteran as nearly 100 former GI's ran for office. Here is how the press evaluated some of these promising hopefuls.



JOHN F. KENNEDY

The cover story of the November, 1946 issue of *Pic* magazine featured a 29-year old former PT boat skipper who came out of the war with a Purple Heart, a severe back injury, and a determination to "Serve my country as honestly as I tried to serve it in war." This young veteran named John F. Kennedy carried out his pledge by successfully winning the Democratic nomination for Congress in Massachusetts' Eleventh District. *Pic* described Kennedy as follows: Back in 1940, as a Harvard senior, Kennedy wrote *Why England Slept*, displaying in that book an awareness which will serve his constituents well if and when he takes his place in Congress. His 450 speeches in his campaign for nomination stressed local topics and aid for veterans. Kennedy is a bachelor, weighs 140 pounds (20 pounds lighter than he was when on Harvard's swimming team) and stands six feet. Politics is a serious business with him. "I intend to make it my life's work", he ironically told *Pic*.

When PIC chose John F. Kennedy to grace its cover, no one knew that he would eventually be President.



Joseph R. McCarthy influenced the political thinking of an entire decade.

JOSEPH R. McCARTHY

The veteran who put Senator Robert M. LaFollette, Jr. on terminal leave after 21 years in Washington, reported *Pic*, is a 37-year-old former Marine captain, Joseph R. McCarthy, Wisconsin's youngest circuit court judge who stepped down from the bench during the war, enlisted as a private, served as a tail gunner in the Pacific, came home and won a nomination which pits him against a Democrat in the November elections. Ex-Marine Captain McCarthy, has a Horatio Alger background. Born on a farm near Appleton, he quit school at the age of 14, ran a poultry farm, then returned to high school when he was past 21. In one year, he finished the four-year course at Manawa High School, then went to Milwaukee and entered Marquette University Engineering School. After two years, he switched to law, and was graduated in 1935. He earned his way through college by working as a filling station attendant and as a boxing coach. At 29, he was elected circuit court judge.



Harold Stassen—our next President?

HAROLD STASSEN

By 1950, *Pic* predicted veterans of World War II will be occupying practically all public offices of any importance. And that may include the Presidency. Already there is one veteran aspirant for the White House. He is Harold Stassen. Now Stassen is running for the Presidency backed by the newly-organized Veterans' Republican League of Hennepin County. The league is preparing to expand into other states in a drive to line up hundreds of thousands of veterans behind the 39-year-old Stassen with the slogan, "Put a young fighting man into the White House."

HENRY CABOT LODGE

Massachusetts has a veteran Senatorial candidate who has also had Congressional experience. He is Henry Cabot Lodge, 44, who gave up a Senatorial seat to serve in the Army and is making a slashing fight this year to win his way back into the chamber. Lodge is challenging the aged incumbent, Senator David Walsh, who has represented the Bay State in Washington for 26 years and for a large part of has been Chairman of the powerful Senate Naval Affairs Committee. Lodge, who served as a colonel in Africa and Italy, is laying great emphasis on his military service and is giving Walsh the fight of his political career. Lodge did indeed win the 1946 race, and in 1960, he ran for Vice-President on the Nixon ticket. In 1970, Nixon appointed Lodge as Special Envoy to the Vatican.





Lodge was part of the 1960 Nixon team.

GERSHWIN'S RHAPSODY IN BLUE

By Bert Korall

Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* was emblematic of the turbulent 20s. Like its composer it contained both the weaknesses and strengths of the era.



George Gershwin in the early 1920s.

Music almost always reflects the historical era in which it was composed, and the music of the 1920s successfully captures the spirit of that decade. Within the songs and compositions lie the feelings and ambience of those years. One can sense the contrasts of freedom and underlying inhibition, the rebellion and the conflict, the typically American optimism overshadowed by intimations of despair.

Unquestionably the most popular piece to emerge from this decade was George Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*. Like the composer himself, it is emblematic of the 1920s and contains the weaknesses and strengths of both the musician and the period during which it came to life and caught the ear and imagination of those who heard it.

What about the *Rhapsody*? A great deal of fuss has been made about that winter day in 1924 (February 12) when Paul Whiteman and an augmented orchestra, with the composer at the piano, premiered the work at Aeolian Hall in New York City. Was it indeed a major event? Did it really affect the course of American music? Let's go back and have a look.

First of all, it was Paul Whiteman's idea.

The rotund, influential band leader sensed the ferment of the 1920s and how it could be best expressed, and jazz seemed to be the answer. Whiteman admired its most adept practitioners. He was in touch with the music's ability to get to the heart of people's feelings. But, more important, being a discerning man of commerce, he perceived the vast sales possibilities of jazz-influenced music, particularly in a structured, well-controlled, "respectable" framework.

Aware that the arts community was just beginning to listen to the music and take it seriously, he consciously integrated elements of jazz into the "numbers" played by his dance band. The response was uniformly excellent.

In the Whiteman repertory, "tunes one would hardly describe as jazz today *did* employ jazz rhythms—and once the accents within the bar shifted, other changes in writing and performance (e.g. placement of notes, instrumental 'smears') were inevitable," the late jazz historian Charles Edward Smith asserted, adding:

"Every generation has its own beat, and Paul Whiteman was on top of the beat most people were dancing to in 'the jazz age.'"

Sensing large-scale recognition for jazz was just around the corner, Whiteman decided in late 1923 to move a step further—to dress this wild, unsettling lady called jazz in more formal vestments and earn her more widespread deference by moving into the concert hall.

"All the years that I was playing jazz," Whiteman said, "I never stopped wanting to go into concert halls and in some measure remove the stigma of barbaric strains and jungle cacophony from jazz.

"I felt George could write the thing I needed. Something that would show that jazz had progressed. Something that would illustrate that it was a great deal more than savage rhythm..... Something that would give expression to what I was seeking to bring out."

Whiteman, who conducted his orchestra in *George White's Scandals of 1922*, had been deeply impressed by Gershwin's work for the show. He liked the provocative

"I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise" but sensed there was something special about the one-act opera, *Blue Monday*.

Done in blackface, this 25-minute affair, with libretto by Buddy DeSylva and score by Will Vodery, was set in Harlem and supposedly was based on the community's life style. Introduced at New York's Globe Theater on the *Scandals'* opening night, August 29, 1922, *Blue Monday* disappeared from the program after that initial performance.

This did not faze Whiteman. He followed his instincts about *Blue Monday* and Gershwin, despite the uniformly negative reaction of the critics. Though still in its incipient phase, Gershwin *had* rapport with black music, its technique and soul. *Blue Monday* planted an idea in Whiteman's mind, which he soon acted on.

The band leader mentioned to the composer the possibility of a concert at one of New York's major halls, and informally suggested that Gershwin write a "jazz" piece for the occasion. But the date wasn't specified. With no immediate pressure to produce a concert work, Gershwin went his way, devoting his energy to creating music for Broadway, where his reputation was rapidly solidifying itself.

While preparing the music for *Sweet Little Devil* (he also worked on that show with Buddy DeSylva) Gershwin found out the concert date had been set for February 12 at Aeolian Hall. During a game of pool with DeSylva at the Ambassador Pool Parlor on Broadway, his brother Ira informed him of an item in the morning *New York Tribune* (January 3, 1924) stating that Gershwin was "at work on a jazz concerto."

The January 21 New York opening of *Sweet Little Devil* loomed. Much more work remained to be done before the show came to Broadway. Gershwin spoke to Whiteman about his full schedule, declaring he would be hard-pressed to complete something for the concert. Whiteman sold Gershwin on the importance of his participation in the event, and the composer took on the project, despite the tight deadline.

That he enjoyed a triumph at Aeolian Hall two months earlier might well have influenced his decision. At that time, he provided the accompaniment for concert singer Eva Gauthier, during the "American" portion of her rather diversified recital that included a new work by Schoenberg, music by Paul Hindemith and Bela Bartok and songs by Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin and Gershwin.

"The slender, dark Gershwin, whose darting fingers invested the songs with rhythmic touches of humor and full-bodied harmonies, captured the audience immediately," Gershwin historian Edward Jablonski notes. "The next day's reviews made more of Gershwin than the fact that the premiere of a new Schoenberg work had taken place."

The *Rhapsody* was three weeks in the writing. Gershwin first intended to create a symphonic blues, then rejected it as too limited in form and style. Finally he settled on a rhapsody because its elastic form allowed for freedom to manipulate the material. He composed the work for two pianos, the second representing the orchestra, and provided indications for accomplished Whiteman arranger Ferde Grofe just how he wanted it orchestrated.

Gershwin, at this point, did not have the arranging facility and harmonic knowledge of Grofe; therefore, when considering the situation and the speed with which the project had to be completed, Whiteman asked Grofe to follow Gershwin's suggestions and orchestrate the work.



Gershwin was among the first to bring American jazz to the concert hall.

The *Rhapsody* came into being in bursts of creativity. The train trip to Boston for the premiere of *Sweet Little Devil* was a central experience for Gershwin. He had done some work on the piece prior to that but the ride brought everything into focus.

"It was on the train, with its steely rhythms, its rattle-ty-bang that is often so stimulating to a composer....there I suddenly

heard—and even saw on paper—the complete construction of the *Rhapsody* from beginning to end," Gershwin told his biographer Isaac Goldberg.

The composer worked on the already emergent themes, relating one to another. And the *Rhapsody* evolved in his mind as a "sort of musical kaleidoscope of America—of our vast melting pot, of our unduplicated national pep, our metropolitan madness." By the time Gershwin arrived in Boston, he had the "plot" of the piece. It remained for him to develop the



George (shown at left) with brother Ira Gershwin en route to Hollywood.

basic thematic materials and rhythms and tie them all together.

An important part of the offering—the memorable middle or slow theme — dramatically found its way to fingers shortly thereafter, while he improvised at the piano during a New York party.

"Many things developed from George's improvisations at the keyboard," friend and musical associate Milton Rettenberg asserts. "For over a year I heard George fumbling at the piano over a little bit of simple counterpoint. He just kept playing the thing for me and his other friends. It later developed into the chorus of 'The Man I Love.'"

Gershwin thought of calling his work, *American Rhapsody*. But brother Ira settled the matter for him during a social evening at the Lou Paley's. The literary Gershwin had just been to a showing of paintings by Whistler—i.e. "Nocturne in Blue and Green" and "Harmony in Gray and Green." When he considered the mood and general feel of his brother's composition, and the nature of the upcoming Aeolian Hall concert, he said: "Why not call it *Rhapsody in Blue?*"

Grofe finished the orchestration by February 4, working feverishly at the Gershwin family apartment at 501 West 110th Street in Manhattan. Five rehearsals then were held at the Palais Royal, the nightclub on 48th Street where the Whiteman band was appearing.

Interest in the Aeolian Hall concert progressively built. A sense of anticipation, particularly within the arts community, became almost tangible.

Metropolitan newspapers, probably with unrelenting pressure from the Whiteman press office, covered the event from various angles and in unusual depth. Whiteman lent himself to the propaganda effort by talking about the recital, "An Experiment in Modern Music," at every possible opportunity, particularly at the Palais Royal rehearsals which, at the band leader's behest, were attended by distinguished instrumentalists and composers, critics and newspaper men.

Finally the afternoon arrived. It was snowing. But this didn't dampen the spirits of New York music lovers. A highly nervous Whiteman, with a coat over his "concert clothes," walked around to the front of Aeolian Hall "Men and women were fighting to get into the door, pulling and mauling each other as they sometimes do at a baseball game, or a prize fight, or in the subways," the band leader recalled in his book, *Jazz*, adding, "...the ticket office people said they could have sold out the house ten times over."

Whiteman spared no expense for this concert. He had, for example, enlarged his ensemble from 9 to 23 pieces. You'd think the SRO turnout, which included everyone from celebrities and the musical cognoscenti to flappers and plain folks, would have comforted and calmed him. But Whiteman returned backstage more fearful than before.

Gershwin, however, remained cool and collected—or so it seemed. This was all the more admirable, considering the *Rhapsody* came next to the closing number. The rather long program (of 23 numbers) covered a lot of ground.

A five-piece group out of the Whiteman band played "Livery Stable Blues," the jazz piece, to illustrate the "true form of jazz." The entire ensemble contrasted "legit" and jazz scoring by playing two treatments of "Whispering." The band also played semi-symphonic arrangements of popular melodies by Irving Berlin, a suite of Serenades by Victor Herbert, a version of "Carnival in Venice" featuring reed virtuoso Ross Gorman playing variations on a number of instruments, and a number of comedy selections. Indeed, Whiteman offered a potpourri.

Clearly it *wasn't* a jazz concert.

But it *was* a very special occasion. The musicians in Whiteman's band sensed this. Rettenberg, who was backstage for the entire concert, explains: "The fellows were thrilled by the whole thing, especially because they were in on the premiere of a work everyone considered a 'departure.'"

When the time for the *Rhapsody* came, Gershwin "practically darted to the piano, sat down...shot Whiteman a glance. Whiteman signaled (clarinetist) Gorman, who electrified the entire hall with the *Rhapsody's* opening whoop," Jablonski reports.

(*Continued on page 70*)

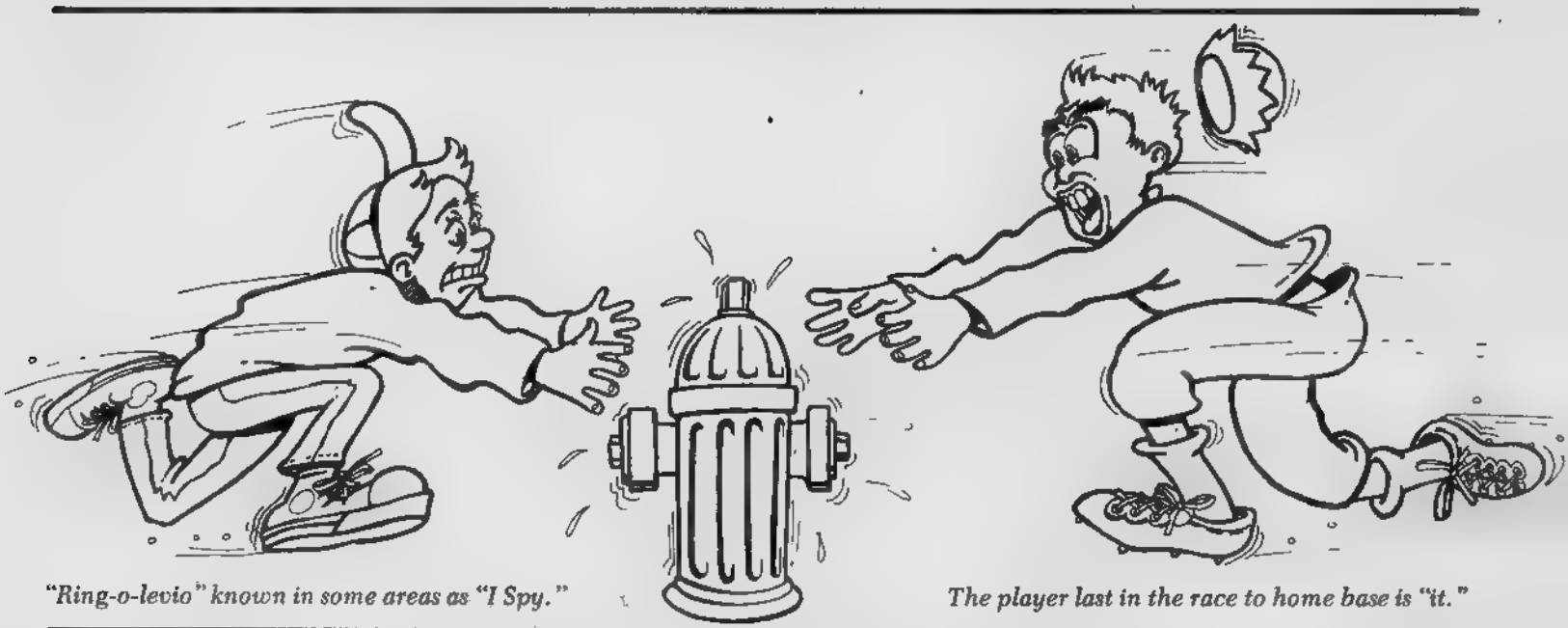


Gershwin at work on Porgy and Bess.

STREET GAMES

By Michael Valenti

In the streets of Duluth and Wilmington, Louisville and Little Rock, kids still play variations of these games, some of which go back 2000 years.



"Ring-o-levio" known in some areas as "I Spy."

The player last in the race to home base is "it."

Stop any kid in a suburb and ask him who Charlie Chaplin was or what the boats on the Mississippi do or where Ceylon or Honduras are and chances are you'll get a blank stare. Forget the exurbs—you'll never find a kid in a street (*if* you can find a street). Ask a city kid, and expect that incurious shrug that never drove a kid to a library to look up an intriguing fact.

The reason for this is that kids don't get the kind of eclectic education they once did. Propped up in front of their TV sets an average of 5.4 hours a day, today's toddlers are born, weaned, reach puberty, get married, turn gray and die as spectators, moving from "Shazam!" and "Sesame Street" to Monday Night Football, from the soaps to the "Waltons," "Rhoda" and "All in the Family."

They don't learn in the streets anymore.

The streets of Brooklyn were my first university. When we weren't playing ball, we were playing street games, the number and variety of which would stagger the imagination of today's kids. And this phenomenon was nationwide; in Duluth and Wilmington, San Francisco and Louisville, Akron and Little Rock, American kids were playing variations of the same street games, some of which, like "ring-o-levio" go back 2,000 years.

One of my favorites was a game we called "countries" (also known as "geography" or "I declare war!"). Ideally you needed about a dozen kids to play, each of whom picked a "country" of his choice. The artist in the crowd drew a big circle in the middle of the street, while the girls in the jump-rope set cried "Ooooh!" at the casual dexterity with which he ran the chalk between his legs without a pause, going backwards without looking until the two lines joined. (Those were some of the most perfect circles I've ever seen.) Then he made home bases for each of the countries, we chose who was "it" and a rubber ball was placed in the middle of the circle.

Everyone poised to run, eleven in one direction, one in the other. The kid who was "it" chanted, slowly and loudly, "I...call...for ...Germany!"

Everyone took off, helter-skelter. Except Germany. Germany had to

dash into the center of the ring, pick up the ball and cry "Halt!" On the cry you had to literally freeze, even if you had one foot in midair. One extra motion and you were automatically "it."

Assuming everything went according to Hoyle, it was now Germany's option to throw the ball at the country he thought he could hit. If he hit, say, China, then China was "it." If he missed, then Germany was "it" for the next round.

Simple? Sure—but a lot of fun for 12-year-olds. One of the subtleties of the game was to try to guess the exact moment the cry of "Halt!" would ring out, and veer slightly, presenting as narrow a target as possible to the thrower.

On the sidewalk the girls played jump-rope, chanting:

"Down the Mississippi, where the boats go swoosh,
There sat a little girl, eating moosh,
Along came her father and gave her a push. . . ."

On "push," the next girl had to jump into the whirling rope and push out her predecessor—and the game began again with the first line of the jingle.

"Skellies" was another chalk game we played. This was really a distant cousin of hopscotch, though there was no hopping involved and the game was generally played with bottle caps. Two or three sets of partners could play; the object was to go from 1 to 10 without getting trapped in "skellies," a no-man's-land in the center of the grid, demarcated by a skull and crossbones (hence "skellies," a corruption of the word "skeleton"). If you did land in skellies, it was up to your partner to knock you out or, if you were lucky, someone else might do it inadvertently.

The girls preferred the more orthodox hopscotch or potsy. If one of the boys decided to play hopscotch with the girls, it was not considered "sissy." Potsy was for the younger kids and girls, however, and no boy would deign to be caught by his peers playing potsy.

If hopscotch was the tamest game we played, "Johnny-on-a-pony" was the roughest. There were two teams, with six or seven on a side. The leaders chose to see who was "down." Placing its stoutest member as a "pillow" against a wall, the "down" team made a pony line, each boy bending over and tucking his head under the rump of the boy in front of him and holding onto his thighs.

The streets of Brooklyn were my first university. . . . We played games there, the number and variety of which would stagger the imagination.

The first boy in line, of course, used the "pillow" as a shock absorber.

The Johnnies who were to ride this makeshift pony chose their most nimble member to jump first. Getting a running start, his job was to leap as far over the line as possible, ideally as far as the pillow. This would leave plenty of room for his teammates. Of course each jumper had to be careful not to slip off or touch the ground with any part of his body.

When everyone had successfully jumped and if the line held (despite the swaying and groaning), the leader of the Johnnies held up one or two fingers and ritualistically cried, "Buck, Buck, how many horns are up?" If the leader of the "down" team guessed the number, the teams reversed positions; if not, the pony boys were still "down."

The girls didn't like this "roughneck" game. And maybe to distract us, they went into one of their unusual jump-rope routines:

"Policeman, policeman, do your duty,
Here comes Rosalie, the American beauty.
She can wiggle, she can waggle,
She can do—the split!"

Whereupon, there was Rosalie, right on cue, bloomers to the sidewalk.

One of the most popular games everywhere was "ring-o-levio" (also called "I Spy"). We generally played it at night, I guess because it was easier to hide.

First the players chose to see who was "it." That person cradled his eyes against a tree or wall and counted to 100, while everyone hid. There was an unaccountable thrill when, from your hiding place, you heard the litany "98-99-100. Here I come! Ready or not! Anyone around my base is it!"

Now the person who was "it" had to find the hiders. In one vari-

"Johnny on a Pony" was the roughest game we played. The first boy in line was "shock absorber" for the rest.





The girls preferred hopscotch to the roughneck games the boys played. But if one of the boys decided to play hopscotch it was not considered "sissy." Potsy, another variation of the game was for the younger kids, and no boy would deign to be caught at it by his peers.

Kicked by robust 15-year-olds, a jagged-edged tin can could come at you with a terrifying, slashing velocity. But we caught it—or tried to.

ation of the game, on spotting someone he cried out "I spy Danny!" at which point they both dashed for home base. If Danny didn't get there first, he was caught. When everyone was thus rounded up, the game was over and the first caught was "it."

In yet another variation of the game, the first person caught was deputized by the person who was "it," and thereafter acted as a kind of guard for the bag of prisoners, who were kept in a pen. In this version, it was possible for one of the still-at-large hiders to free the prisoners by getting past the guard without being tagged, stepping into the prisoners' box and shouting "Free all! Free all!"

Even the girls liked ring-o-levio well enough to play it among themselves, or sometimes with the boys. Or they'd gather with their ropes under the streetlights and chant:

"Charlie Chaplin went to France
To teach the ladies how to dance.
Heel and toe, and away we go!
Heel and toe, and away we go!"

No wonder I was always so good in geography.

"Hit the penny" (with a ball) and "territory" are the only two-player games I recall. The day after a moderate rainfall was perfect for "territory." All you needed were two pocket knives and a large enough patch of soft earth. First you squared off a large box and bisected it neatly: your territory, his territory. The idea was to flip your knife into your opponent's territory so that the extended blade lopped off as much territory as possible, which was then added to your own. When one or the other had whittled down his opponent's turf so that his foot could no longer fit in what was left, the game was over.

As you might guess, this game didn't have much appeal for the girls. Caught up in more domestic matters than schoolboy imperialism, they preferred a game we called "leg-over"; while bouncing a ball, they brought a leg over it while chanting, "A, my name is Annie (leg over) any my husband's name is Arthur (l.o.), we live in Arizona (l.o.) and we sell apples (l.o.)." (It was a pretty good clue who was sweet on you to see who they teamed you up with when they got to *your* name.)

The only strictly winter game I remember was called "king of the hill" (or "castle" or "mountain," depending on the part of the country it was played in). The king took up his position on a great mound of snow. The object was to depose him and take his place. To do that you had to negotiate the slippery sides of his domain and either push or pull him off. Grabbing clothing was strictly verboten. Though this sounds like a rough game, soft snow muted the falls and if you dumped the king just right, you could slide him into exile on his fanny with injury only to his dignity.

Playing all the variations of baseball that we could squeeze into a long summer day, you'd think we'd have had a surfeit of it by nightfall. But we hadn't. Night brought its own variation, which we called "kicking-the-can baseball." In some rural communities it was called "four-corner baseball." It followed all the rules of the national pastime except two. The "ball" was a can—not a nice, cleanly severed coffee tin or peach-half can, but the raunchiest, most misshapen, and *above all*, jagged can we could find. A No. 2 motor-oil can that had been kicking around the streets for two or three days was just the thing.

The other exception was that the can was kicked from home plate rather than pitched. Kicked by robust 15-year-olds, that can could come at you with a terrifying, slashing velocity. But we caught it—or tried to—and somehow nobody ever died of blood poisoning. And—how can I explain it?—getting the knack of how to catch a jagged-edged flying can somehow made the game more exciting.

To the girls, this was a perfect example of how "stupid" the boys could be. Their idea of daring was "double Dutch", a game in which *two* ropes turned simultaneously in opposite directions. They did "pepper" to this, a jump-rope routine that was very, very fast. It was the only variety of the art of jumping rope I watched deliberately, secretly marveling that anybody could ever master it. And I can still hear the rope-turners chanting in deep concentration as the block's best jumpers waited their turns to leap into the egg-beater whirl—skipped it, spun round and dodged out—without being touched by either rope. They chanted (very fast):

"Mustard, cider, vinegar, pepper,
Who's the neighborhood's fastest stepper?
Legs all a-whirl, skirts all a-twirl
She is Bensonhurst's fastest girl!"

No color TV set on earth could capture the verve, the pulsating life of the street games of my youth.



PAGING JOHNNY

By Robert Stewart

"It isn't his size or the lack of it. But rather, you feel the goodness and the greatness, the warmth and gentleness. He had become an American legend."

"What is the magic of this little man?" asked Eddie Cantor. "Wherever he goes, head high, chest out, resplendent in his red and black uniform, he brings smiles and joy. People crowd to see him. You see him, and your heart beats just a little faster. It isn't his size, or the lack of it. But, rather, I think, that you feel the goodness and greatness, the warmth and gentleness that is the little man himself. He has become an American legend."

The advertising image of a bellhop shouting "Call for Philip Morris" dates back to a 1919 poster, but the campaign was dropped in the 20s. When the introduction of Philip Morris English Blend in 1932 led to an increase in the company's radio advertising, ad agency president Milton Biow hit on the idea in March, 1933, that the old slogan could have a new impact if delivered by a human voice on radio. Philip Morris advertising consultant Kenneth Goode visualized a real pageboy costumed in the original English uniform. The two ad men then set out to find a person to fit their preconceived image. Stopping at the Hotel Commodore, they asked where they could find "the best bellhop in New York City" and were told to go to the Hotel New Yorker.

Thus, on an April evening in 1933, Biow and Alfred E. Lyon, then Philip Morris' Vice President for Sales, stood in the New Yorker lobby and saw, for the first time, 48-inch tall John Louis Roventini, described as "the smallest bellboy in the world" on the hotel's souvenir postcards. They listened to him page a few guests and then staged what has since been called "the most unusual radio audition ever performed." Biow gave Johnny a dollar and told him to page "Mr. Philip Morris." Johnny strode through the lobby, unaware that he was speaking a phrase that would make him famous: "CALL FOR PHIL-IP MOR-REES!" He later recalled, "I had no idea that Philip Morris was a cigarette. I just went around the lobby yelling my head off, but 'Philip Morris' didn't answer my call."



A Hotel New Yorker postcard billed Johnny "world's smallest bellboy".

Born in Brooklyn on August 15, 1910, Johnny was the second of four children of Italian immigrants. His father, Dante Roventini, drove a cart for a building supply firm, and his mother, Adeline, was a dressmaker. To help support the family, all the Roventini children except Johnny quit school after the sixth grade. Johnny dropped out in junior high to sell papers and one day was asked, "How would you like to be a pageboy?" "What's a pageboy?" responded Johnny, who was soon earning $15 a week along with about an additional $10 in tips. When Biow and Lyon offered him $100 to do radio commercials, Johnny was initially skeptical, stating, "I'll have to ask my mother." Afraid the radio offer wouldn't last, he decided to keep both jobs.

His radio debut that same month provided the familiar theme music that was to be identified with Johnny over the next few decades —"On the Trail" from Ferde Grofe's *Grand Canyon Suite.* Grofe, who helped George Gershwin score *Rhapsody in Blue* in

1924, came into his own with his popular compositions *Hollywood* and *Symphony in Steel* and achieved recognition as one of America's foremost composers after writing *Grand Canyon Suite* in 1931. When Philip Morris sponsored *The Ferde Grofe Show* on April 17, 1933, Johnny, who had never been in a radio studio before, delivered his resounding B-flat call over the dominant E-flat of *Grand Canyon Suite*, and the blend of sound was so striking that the company decided to use Grofe's music as a theme for all its radio programs.

In the months that followed, a Philip Morris representative would pick up Johnny at the Hotel New Yorker, deliver him to the NBC studios at 711 Fifth Avenue, and then return him later to the hotel where he continued to work as a bellboy. On December 16, 1933, Johnny Roventini resigned from the hotel and signed the lifetime contract that would make him known as "Johnny Philip Morris," "Little Johnny" and just plain "Johnny." This $20,000 a year contract forbade him from appearing in public without a bodyguard or riding the subways during rush hours. Fearing kidnappers, the company made a point of keeping his home address secret. He received life and health insurance for $50,000, and his voice was insured for another $50,000. He was fitted for a Brooks uniform and given an Austin car with a chauffeur. His photograph was lithographed to life-size on 100,000 cardboard display silhouettes for nationwide distribution, and he began making personal appearances at a variety of public functions.

To further the image of Johnny as "the world's most famous living trademark," Kenneth Goode had additional dialogue written into radio scripts. Each Philip Morris show opened with the words, "Johnny presents..." and closed with "This is Johnny again, returning now to the thousands of store windows and counters all over America. Look for me. I'll be waiting for you. Come in and CALL FOR PHIL-IP MORREES!"

A widely-circulated story about Johnny concerns an evening when a glass crashed accidentally during the opening of a Philip Morris





Johnny Roventini made his last "call for Philip Morris" on October 12, 1974 at the dedication of the new Philip Morris facility in Richmond, Virginia. At left is the original Philip Morris tobacconist shop that opened in London in 1876. The bellboy idea dated back to an advertising poster for the shop in 1919.

broadcast, supposedly prompting the announcer to explain, "That was Johnny, stepping out of thousands of store windows all over the country." Says Johnny, "It's a great story, but I wasn't there." In truth, the incident happened at the Coconut Grove, and the line was ab-libbed by Groucho Marx who was onstage when a waiter dropped a tray.

Between 1933 and 1947, Johnny appeared on an almost unending list of the most popular network radio shows—Allen Funt's *Candid Microphone* (the radio precursor to *Candid Camera*), Ralph Edward's *This Is Your Life*, *The Kate Smith Show*, *It Pays To Be Ignorant* (recently resurrected for tv), *Ladies Be Seated* with Johnny Olson, *The Rudy Vallee Show*, *Break the Bank*, *The Mel Torme Show*, *Casey, Crime Photographer* with Staats Cotsworth, Walter Kiernan's *One Man's Opinion*, *Crime Doctor*, *The Milton Berle Show*, Johnny Mercer's *Call for Music*, *The Philip Morris Frolics* and *Great Moments from Great Plays*. Johnny remembers doing his opening call once on *Horace Heidt's Youth Opportunity Hour* when he suddenly tripped over an electric wire, and had to give his second and third calls while lying on the floor.

Only once in his career did Johnny fail to show up for a broadcast. He was delayed by a snowstorm, and the show's announcer asked the audience to "CALL FOR PHIL-IP MORREES!" "They were beautiful... and right on key!" recalled Johnny, who was listening on his car radio from the snow-covered Brooklyn Bridge.

During World War II, Johnny became the only person in the United States to receive the special draft classification, ½A. This honor was bestowed on Johnny in recognition of his effort to enlist in the Coast Guard Auxiliary even though his size ruled him out.

By this time, Johnny had shaken hands with more than a million people and called for Philip Morris more than a million times and his picture had been published in ads more often than any other living person. He appeared continually at fairs, trade shows, festivals, bazaars, parades and conventions, and, with the rise of television, he was seen by even more people on such shows as *My Little Margie*, *Tex and Jinx* with Tex McCrary and Jinx Falkenburg, *Candid Camera*, *The Red Skelton Show*, *Hazel*, *Hogan's Heroes*, *Slattery's People*, *CBS News* with Walter Cronkite, *Thursday Night at the Movies*, *The Jackie Gleason Show* and *I Love Lucy*.

Were there *other* Johnny's? The answer is yes. On radio, the famous call was sometimes delivered by another midget, Freddy "Buddy" Douglas. During the peak of his 40s popularity, Johnny was invited to so many public events he found it impossible to attend them all. The company solved the problem by employing a diminutive platoon of "Johnny Juniors" who dispensed free cigarette samples across the nation. In recent years, however, this has led to a wave of fake Johnny's, all claiming to be *the* Johnny, and creating quite a bit of confusion in newsprint. The *New York Times* falsely reported the death of "Johnny Philip Morris," who was actually a Johnny Junior. Channel 7 in New York last year carried a feature on a "free soup kitchen" in Manhattan where a baldheaded, big-nosed guy claimed to be "Johnny Philip Morris." When asked to give the famous call he quietly mumbled, "Call for Philip Morris" and returned to his free soup. A fake Johnny has been spotted hanging out at the exclusive Polo Lounge in Los Angeles' Beverly Hills Hotel; another fake works as a bootblack, and yet another in the midwest is a window dresser. The *Washington Post* should have assigned one of their Watergate investigative reporters to a story they printed in December, 1974, falsely claiming that Johnny "has lately been dishing out ice cream to the customers at his Tallahasse, Fla., ice cream parlor." The Tallahasse Johnny, checked out by Philip Morris representatives, was never even a Johnny Jr. but once applied for the job years ago.

The genuine, one and only Johnny today lives in Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn, where he boats around on his 28-foot diesel-powered Luhrs craft. He's not bothered personally by the inaccurate news items about his impersonators, but says, "It's disgraceful to imply a company like Philip Morris would have such disregard for its people. Philip Morris does more for its employees than any company I know."

On October 12, 1974, Johnny retired after his last official act—delivering his call for the final time, high atop a pedestal, surrounded by ice-skaters and illuminated by fireworks, at the dedication of the new Philip Morris Operations Center in Richmond, Virginia.

Looking back over the years, he expressed his feelings, "I have had the privilege of working with thousands of well-known people. I have been honored by meeting millions of lesser-knowns, and I have been blessed by bringing smiles to the faces of millions. What more could any man ask?" ▨





Johnny was photographed with such stars as Marlene Dietrich and Jackie Gleason.

SIRENS OF THE SILVER SCREEN

By Ron Fry, Penny Nicolai and Jean Guck

The blinding, smouldering visions of unreal loveliness who captured the hearts and imaginations of film audiences for three quarters of a century.

What was so special about the women of the past? What did they have, where did they come from, how did they succeed while so many others failed? Memories of such stars as Garbo, Dietrich, Theda Bara, Hedy Lamarr, Ava Gardner, Rita Hayworth, Marilyn Monroe and others will never fade—the mere mention of one of those names will conjure up a memory as clear as yesterday.

Movies first achieved large-scale popularity just before World War I. Film pioneers like D.W. Griffith had transformed the medium from one-reel nickelodeon fare into more sophisticated, more adult feature films. The primary sex symbols (if one could call them that) of the period were Griffith's Victorian virgins—pure, delicate as fine china, and nearly always blonde, they seemed as far removed from carnal desire as a religious icon. After all, in those Victorian times, sex was considered a base instinct that good girls did not think about without swooning. The pre-war ideal of American girlhood was best symbolized by Mary Pickford, whose good-little-bad-little rich girl epitomized the "Pollyanna" ideal, that optimism, love and persevering cheerfulness conquered all. Besides America's Sweetheart, equally sugar-coated heroines such as Mary McAllister, Marguerite Clark and the Gish sisters also captured America's hearts by rejecting riches and



Mary Pickford, symbol of the pre-WW I ideal of American womanhood.

marrying the poor, but loyal and loving suitors in innumerable films.

World War I, however, swept America full-force into the 20th Century and a more sophisticated outlook and movie audiences began demanding films to match their new self-confidence and materialism. Fortunately, William Fox's publicity machine had already begun to build a suitable edifice of myth and mystery in 1916, taking a quiet Cincinnati girl called Theodosia Goodman, giving her an appropriately exotic background, a predatory quality of eroticism and the word "vamp".

Enter Theda Bara, stage left.

Although Valeska Suratt first brought the fascination of sinful love to movies, Theda Bara made the vamp the ultimate sex symbol,



Theda Bara: the embodiment of evil.



Lillian Gish: pre-war innocence.

definitely establishing sex as the *sine qua non* of American films. She was set up as the embodiment of evil, "fascinating and unfathomable, her passion touched with death". She brought to a starving audience a voluptuousness and sophistication previously unseen in the movies—hers was an impersonation alien and impossible to the era that had borne D.W. Griffith's golden-tressed virgins. She presaged the woman of the world, soon to dominate the screen, who frankly admits her desire for and her right to love and luxury.

The transition from soft Pollyanna idealism to hard materialism, from naivete to shrewdness, quickened as the 20s approached.

The mature woman of the world—played by Norma Talmadge, Alla Nazimova, Pauline Frederick, and others—now became the heroine ideal. The magazine ads for films circa 1922 screamed about "brilliant men, beautiful jazz babies, champagne baths, midnight revels, petting parties in the purple dawn" and promised "neckers, petters, white kisses, red kisses, pleasure-mad daughters, sensation-craving mothers..." And to even further emphasize the contrast between the two decades, these vampy heroines were almost uniformly brunettes.

In 1925, Elinor Glyn coined a word—"It"—and went on to explain it interminably, with many references to karma and the Dance of Life. But what emerged from all that froth of words was simply good old-fashioned sex appeal. Elinor Glyn christened Clara Bow the "It" girl and Clara soon became the epitome of the sexy flapper, a spangled dart of pure light and vitality. The 19th Amendment had given women a new-found political power and Freud's theories had finally broken the restraints of Victorian morality, and the flapper epitomized this social and sexual freedom.

Although Sennett girl Gloria Swanson became the dominant star of the 20s (despite an ill-fated attempted coup by Pola Negri), the dominant sex symbol was a fat little girl from Sweden named Greta Garbo, sultry and illusive, mystifying and inexorably attractive, who represented a new foreign element as much as Mary Pickford represented America's symbol of its own past. She was the first of the really modern sex symbols, one who combined a native earthiness and attraction with an overpowering femininity.



Clara Bow, top, and Garbo, at right.



Norma Talmadge: woman of the world.

Garbo's immediate successor was another foreigner, who created a world sensation in her 1929 debut in *Blue Angel.* The woman that Marlene Dietrich exuded in this dark, degenerate tale of the destruction of a German schoolmaster by a faithless cabaret girl is miles beyond the sleek, husband-stealing vamps, poignant self-sacrificing mistresses and shimmying bowlfuls of "it" that so inadequately stated sex appeal in





silents. Film launched Dietrich on a fabulous career; she also had the unique distinction of becoming grandmother to a whole slew of notable screen sluts.

The Depression caused another major shift in the image of the screen siren. Under more realistic and non-sentimental examination, love and sex became less passionate and exotic; it became rather a healthy affair, to be enjoyed readily and viewed lightly.

More than anyone, Mae West symbolized the state of mind (in sexual terms, at least), of the post-war, post-Freud intra-Depression era. Mae eyed a man from head to foot, obviously evaluating him in terms of virility, as James Cagney eyed a woman. She was the first overt female lecher , having no use or time for camouflage, cuteness, or flirtation. Both knew what they wanted, let you know it, and were intent in their playfulness. As Mae once put it, "I like a man who takes his time."

Jean Harlow, the original Platinum Blonde, rose to prominence at the same time as Mae. A masterpiece of art deco, with her sleek curves, sculpted hair and shimmering clinging gowns, Harlow came to represent the hard, unabashed woman who takes care of herself, a far more aggressive image of womanhood. She was a lusty, clear-eyed young woman who knew what she was after—and got it.

Both Harlow and West mocked



Brassy West, sleek Harlow, and sultry Dietrich, shown left to right, gave sex a new dimension in the 30s.





Hepburn heroines were neurosis-free.



Betty Grable, shown here, who with other leggy knockouts of the decade, including Rita Hayworth, Veronica Lake, and Joan Blondell, skyrocketed to fame in the 1940s. Betty's considerable charms, circulated in countless photographs and pinup posters during the Second World War, made her the favorite sex symbol of an entire generation of fighting men.



Jane Russell, a Howard Hughes find.

prudery out of existence. Their honesty debunked the neurotic vamps of the 20s as well as the innocent pre-war heroines. The tradition they helped create was admirably carried on by Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert and Katharine Hepburn.

By the 30s, however, the sex symbol's overt sexiness had to be toned down somewhat, thanks to a system known as the Production Code. Formed at the insistence of blue-noses such as William Randolph Hearst, the Legion of Decency and other groups, its avowed purpose was to take the "sin" out of cinema once and for all. The Production Code "covered with meticulous prurience, every conceivable offense to God, Mom, and man. . . Marriage was declared sacrosanct, display of passion was discouraged (double beds were *verboten*, twin beds were de rigeur), exposure of the 'sex organs,' male and female, child and animal, real and stuffed, were forbidden." (Yes, even Cheeta had to wear a body stocking in the early Tarzan flicks.) But this attempt at cleaning up the movies hardly meant the demise of the sex symbol.

World War II made the art of the pin-up a national pastime. Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable, Veronica Lake and Joan Blondell were immeasurably helped by the millions of photographs circulated by soldiers. By the 40s, an entire film career could consist of merely a publicity campaign—such as the one featuring the enlarged breasts of an obviously sex-starved young lady—even if the "star" was never before seen on the screen. Howard Hughes did it with Jane Russell. Hughes posed her as a lusty, carnal earthy creature, her mammaries making up for what her dubious acting ability lacked. As a result of Howie's endeavors, her popularity was sustained for three years while her first film, *The Outlaw*, was held up by the censors.

Another victim of publicity overkill was Hedy Lamarr. A more classic beauty than Russell, she, too, arrived in Hollywood as a sort of pre-fabricated sex symbol. Because she appeared nude in a European film called *Ecstasy* which was banned in 1933, it was automatically assumed that she would knock American audiences cold by her mere appearance on the screen. Although her first film did indeed create a sensation, she was more of a pretty stage prop than a serious actress and was soon assigned to the same sex symbol scrap heap as Jane Russell.

Ava Gardner was discovered with little trouble. Born on a tenant farm in North Carolina, she

took off for New York when she was 17. While there, someone from MGM saw some photographs of her and arranged for a screen test, resulting in an MGM contract. It wasn't until 1945 however that she really began to make it as an actress. Her acting ability wasn't all that important because she had that certain something that came across on the screen like gangbusters. Never quite the lady, but never cheap, warm and friendly but unattainable, she held a fascination for all and was dubbed more than once as the world's most beautiful woman.

Rita Hayworth also rocketed to stardom during the 40s. Born Rita Cansino, she was under contract to Fox as a dancer, but she was making very little progress until 1949 when she married Edward Judson, who in short order got her a term contract at Columbia, changed her name and her hairline, and arranged for a publicity blitz for his new wife. Columbia head Harry Cohen soon discovered he had a bonanza. Not only was she sexy, she could actually dance and act as well—just the thing for the slew of war-time musicals being turned out by the dozens.

Another 40s attention-getter was



Lamarr, a victim of publicity overkill.

Veronica Lake. Presented by Paramount as a sultry kittenish sex object, she constantly pouted behind a shock of peek-a-boo hair over one eye. If the hair wasn't originally a publicity gimmick, it certainly worked as one and Veronica was a star before her second picture was released.

The post-World War II films began to introduce more, ever more voluptuous beauties to the movie-going public, perhaps hoping to get to their wallets through their sex organs. But it didn't really work. One of the reasons it didn't work was that the era of the big studios was coming to an end. Because of anti-trust suits and the emergence of television, the studio machinery that could turn an aspiring starlet into a household word overnight had lost its clout. Something more than just a pretty face and an alluring body was needed to wrench the public from their newly bought Dumonts. Joan Collins, Anita Ekberg, Mamie Van Doren and others soon found this out. Jayne Mansfield, queen of the mammary glands, was more of a caricature than a real person. She was the epitome of the 50s' tasteless search for a sex queen who could be transformed into popular box office attraction. The only thing she had going for her was a large set of breasts—and the public knew.

Two exceptions to this rule were Marilyn Monroe and, to a far lesser extent, Kim Novak. Kim Novak enjoyed a brief period of popularity when Columbia head Cohen needed a sex queen to replace Rita Hayworth who had married the Ali Khan and Kim seemed to fit the bill. Starting out as Marilyn Novak, she was just another beautiful girl who couldn't act



La Crawford, whose spirited displays of independence and brash humor have brightened screens since the 1930s.





The "girls with the hair," Rita Hayworth, left, and Veronica Lake, top.

until Cohen changed her name, her hair and her makeup and turned her into a star and—as with all his stars—he tried to rule her.

Marilyn Monroe had a better time of it, becoming the personification of the 50s sex symbol. Although others have tried to usurp her stature, there will never be another Marilyn. More has been written about her both during her life and after than any other star. Beautiful and sexy, she had a kind of little-girl lost innocence that caught the public fancy. She epitomized the struggle that we all go through, the search for individuality in a world that increasingly tries to strip us of it. Unable to contend with life, she drove studios insane. She always showed up late, took too many pills, failed to show up for shooting and cost productions millions of dollars. In the end, it became too much and she succeeded in her long-threatened suicide.

A week before her death, she remarked in a magazine interview: "That's the trouble, a sex symbol becomes a thing. I just hate being a thing." Even if she didn't turn everyone on sexually, she nonetheless struck a universal heart string, much like Garbo and Harlow had done. We didn't all lust after Marilyn—but we loved her.

Despite the publicity releases, the Hollywood sex symbols were never really happy. Their lives were filled with constant inner struggles searching for someone to love them as themselves. They often felt like pieces of meat wrapped up and sold across the counter. Ava Gardner felt stepped on. She was quoted as saying "What did I ever do worth talking about? Every time I tried to act they stepped on me. That's why it's such a goddamn shame. I've been an actress for 25 years and I've got nothing to show for it...But I never brought anything to this business and I have no respect for acting."

These women were forced into lives separate from anyone else. They were created to provide the public with an illusion—for women there was idolization for their strength and capacity for independence. On the other hand, they were there for men to worship—a woman of sheer perfection that not just any man could win. All things that dreams were made of—that's how they were created.

These stars had qualities no longer given to present-day actresses. Scripts and parts are far different. The public has dictated that the media present a more realistic and honest view of life and its situations. No longer are perfectly fabulous and internationally adored glamor stars like Rita Hayworth pinned to the walls and hearts of millions of men around the world. The more graphic, blatant and non-fantasy oriented nudes of the mens' magazine centerfolds have taken their place.

Gone are the decades of romance along with the taboos that excited it. No longer are the screens filled with the dreamy-eyed, smouldering visions of blinding and unreal loveliness. Also gone are the audiences who escaped from the real world with them for hours. They were the essence of the fairy tale and make-believe world adapted to the child in every adult.



Mansfield: queen of the tasteless 50s.



Raquel Welch, who carried the sex symbol tradition into the seventies.

ART DECO

By Frank Rose

The modern age was beginning and artists were searching for ways to capture it. Their forms dominated the field of design for the next 20 years.

When the celebrated Parisian hairdresser Antoine desired a glass house in 1927, he created one. His current salon was too small, so he took four floors of a building in the rue Didier and transformed them into an icy palace for himself and his work. First he ripped out the outside walls and replaced them with one-way glass. Then he ripped out the old, ordinary staircases and put in shiny new glass ones. For his private apartment, he had a glass dining table constructed with matching glass chairs, and installed an organ with glass pipes. He decorated his drawing room with panels of glass in sapphire blue and ruby red and topped it off with a ruby red cupola on columns of crystal. And finally he installed a specially-designed glass coffin where he slept, ringed with white lilies and extra-high sides to protect him from the atmosphere's "unhealthy electric rays".

It was that kind of decade. For those who cared about their surroundings, the possibilities were limited only by the parameters of their imagination.

The modern age was beginning, and designers were searching for ways to capture it. First there'd been Art Nouveau, a sinuous, fragile look which vanished almost as quickly as it had appeared. Then there was Art Moderne, the smart, stylized, luxuriant form now known as Art Deco. And there was





The Paris Exhibition, 1925. Top, entrance from the Place de la Concorde. The principal entrance and the Alexandre III Bridge are pictured below

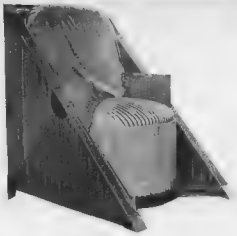
De Stijl, the theoretical Dutch group which created busy structures out of smooth cubes. And the Bauhaus, Walter Gropius' German school which set out to produce artist/craftsmen who could design for mass production. And Functionalism, whose credo—"form follows function"—has been misinterpreted as "anything goes." And Modernism, the strikingly bold aesthetic which reached its peak in the 30s but dominated architecture and design for at least two decades afterwards.

What we now call Art Deco was one phase of that development—one which has been more often reviled than revered in the fifty years since the Paris Exposition des Arts Decoratifs gave the style its name. Critics (most of them trained in the modernist ethic) have attacked its emphasis on concealing structure, mocked its preoccupation with the machine age by noting that its best examples were hand-made, and ridiculed its pretensions as a vision for the future. And when they didn't attack it, they simply ignored it.

The reason for this lack of critical enthusiasm was that Art Deco failed to express the industrialism which did so much to define the early 20th century. Increasingly, however, it is taking on the romantic patina of a style which defined an age of its own.

Half a century after the Paris Exposition—the point generally acknowledged as the climax of Art Deco in France and the beginning of its influence in the United States—three young entrepreneurs staged the 1975 New York Art Deco Exposition at Radio City Music Hall. Described by one of its organizers, 27-year-old Jeff Greenberg, as "probably the largest collection of Art Deco ever assembled," the New York Exposition could mark the end of Art Deco as a consumer fad and the beginning of its serious appreciation as a decorative style.

Last year, when the same people staged the first such week-long exhibition at Radio City, attendance was tallied at 30,000 and lines formed around the block, with eager customers waiting for hours in the January cold to see such classics as *King Kong* and buy a wide range of memorabilia from the 20s and 30s. Greenberg reported that one dealer last year



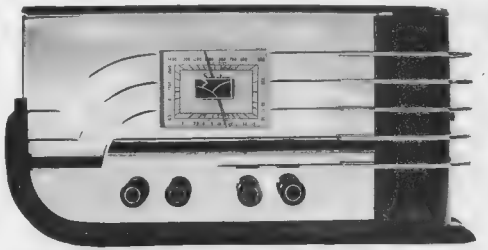
Late 20s chair with chrome fittings.

was so swamped by people throwing money at her "that she just couldn't handle it. She broke down and started to cry."

The next exposition met with a different reception; attendance was down and many of those who came were armed with books like Katherine McClinton's *Art Deco: A Guide for the Collector*. "Last year the idea was new," Greenberg said. "People didn't know whether there would ever be another one. Art Deco really came upon them as a rage, and they seemed to have more money to spend. And they spent it very foolishly. People spent money this year, they bought expensive things, but they shopped around. And they seemed to know a lot more about Art Deco."

Generally, the exhibitors agreed. "There is *good* Deco and *bad* Deco," said Ron Perkins, who specializes in French and American glass of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. "The market is being flooded and I think everybody's just jumping on the bandwagon now. It's getting to the point where they call everything Deco. But I think it's about to reach the point where people will get smart. The junk will just lay there." Another dealer said, "A lot of people think it's reached its peak, but I don't think so. The peak has been reached for the plastic jewelry and so forth. But this"—he pointed to a French bronze and ivory statuette priced at $2500—"this is different. This is beautiful."

Despite its currently faddish aspects, the sudden interest in Art Deco, which surfaced about five years ago, has sparked an appreciation of a style which, for the past 35 years at least, has been almost universally condemned. Among the potential customers at the second New York Exposition were the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Modern Art—both of them looking at the five remaining pieces of a nine-piece lucite bedroom set made for Helena Rubenstein in the early 30s (and now priced at $12,000)—as well as the Smithsonian Institute.



Radio in etched peach glass and copper made by Spartan in the mid-1930s.

Although Art Deco is becoming a catch phrase for nearly anything produced in the 20s and 30s, the term actually refers to a distinctly urban style of architecture and design which flourished in most of Europe between 1910 and 1930 and in America between 1925 and 1940. The last of the modern ornamental styles, it formed the link between the craftsmanship exalted by Art Nouveau and the true machine-age evocations of the International and Modernist styles.

Art Nouveau had attempted to stem the turn-of-the-century trend towards Neoclassicism while at the

Deco's anti-historicism stemmed from a desperate urge to overcome the public's taste for antiques and reproductions. It was a tough job.



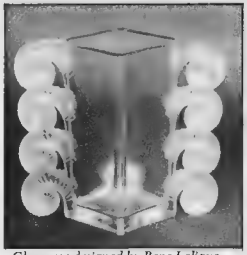
Tray in etched glass, American.

same time retreating from the reality of industrialism. Its liberal use of florid, undulating, asymmetrical ornament made it as anachronistic in the 20th century as the historical revivals it sought to replace.

Art Deco was likewise created out of a determination to forge a modern style (although it looked to the past for inspiration), and it was as much a product of fine craftsmanship as Art Nouveau had been. It wasn't until the latter, more radical stages that Deco began its enthusiastic embrace of the machine—and that embrace was every bit as romantic as Art Nouveau's determination to cling to a vanishing pre-industrial past had been.

The anti-historicism of both styles stemmed from an almost desperate urge to overcome the public's attachment to antiques and reproductions. It was a rough job. Ironically, the problem had largely been the product of the arrival of mass production in the 19th century, when manufacturers discovered they could save money by dispensing with designers. The result was furniture and buildings which either reproduced antique styles or borrowed motifs from them helter-skelter.

Shortly after the turn of the century, many of the leading exponents of Art Nouveau—architects such as Charles Mackintosh and Josef Hoffman, and designers such as Andre Groult—became formative influences in Art Deco. Hoffman built the first Deco structure (the Palais Stoclet in Brussels) in 1905, while Groult was grafting such Deco motifs as formalized flowers and ostrich feathers onto Louis XVI furniture. But it wasn't until 1909, when the Ballets Russes brought a taste of Oriental opulence to Paris, that the revolution began in earnest.



Glass vase designed by Rene Lalique.

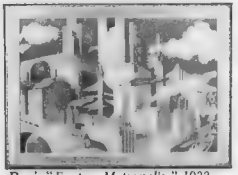
The proposal for French exposition of modern decorative art—one which would bar imitations of period styles—was first made in 1907, and after years of discussion 1915 was chosen as the date. That was not a good year for such events, as it happened, but after World War I the idea was quickly revived. So were the French decorative arts; 1919 was the year Emile-Jacques Ruhlmann began to create his extravagant environments, Sue and Mare founded La Compagnie des Arts Francais, and Rene Joubert founded Decoration Interieure Moderne (DIM). This was fortunate, for the exposition was primarily a showcase for French pre-eminence in the field; Germany, the main competitor, was greeted with open hostility.

Le Corbusier was treated with the same hostility, although he was more successful than the Germans, who simply did not exhibit; Le Corbusier's pavillion, "L'Esprit Nouveau," was given the worst possible site and surrounded, by order of the exhibition authorities, with an 18-foot fence. The British made only a token appearance and the Americans none at all—"because", in the words of Paul Frankl, "we found we had no decorative art."

Nevertheless, the French were ecstatic. One contemporary, quoted by the Parisian dealer Alain Lesieutre in his recent book, *The Spirit and Splendour of Art Deco*, waxed eloquently on about "pure white spattered with brilliant splashes" and "orgies of lacquer" and "effervescent luminous cascades," not to mention "textiles and wallpapers either blinding like the decor of one of the earliest Russian ballets, or as chaste as a drawing-board diagram." In France, at least, the designers who had been calling for a modern mode of decoration had clearly carried the day.



Bronze commemorative medallion, 1932.



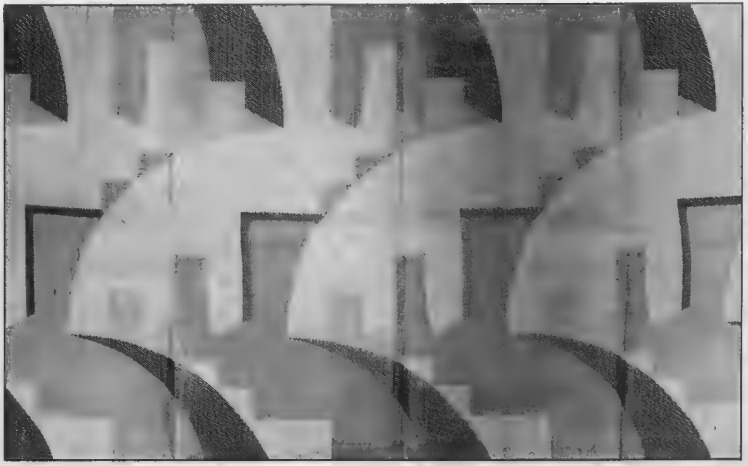
Dux's "Fantasy Metropolis," 1933.

Yet it was Le Corbusier who had the last laugh; his spare, Modernist designs were eventually to revolutionize decoration and make the Art Deco masterpieces as dated as the period pieces they had replaced. While the Paris Exposition was largely responsible for the popularization of Deco in England and America, the innovations of Le Corbusier, the Bauhaus, and others—anti-decorative ideas totally expressive of a machine aesthetic—became more and more influential on the Continent. The emphasis on craftsmanship characteristic of Art Deco seemed out of place in an era suddenly absorbed with the machine, and while Deco could feature machine motifs, Modernism featured the essence of the machine. It was also cheaper and less ostentatious—an important consideration after 1929.

Still, if it took two false starts to develop a style appropriate to modern life, as most critics claim, that doesn't necessarily mean they should be disavowed. For all the theoretical objections made against Deco, the style remains a formative influence on our culture, and in a post-industrial age it probably has no less relevance than the Modernism which replaced it. More than that, however, Art Deco does capture the feverish spirit of its period.



French watercolor of a prancing girl, by the artist Sevigny, circa 1930.



French designer Eric Bragge's handsome silk geometric pattern in blue, brown, and gold, created ca. 1927.



THE GREAT HOUDINI

By George Glassgold

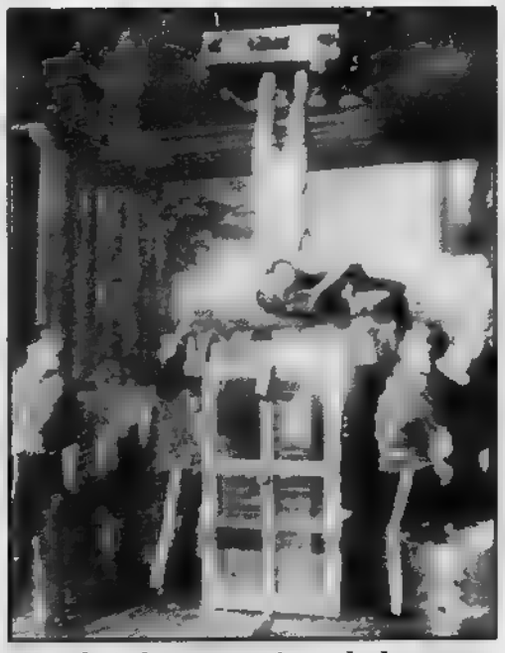
At the height of his career his most famous phrase was not "abracadabra," but "I challenge." There was no doubt that he meant business.

Houdini is a name which to hundreds of millions is synonymous with magic itself and which dominated headlines for 25 years with stories of jail escapes, vanishing elephants, and campaigns against phony conjurors and mediums.

But who was Harry Houdini—the superstar of vaudeville who transfixed audiences for over 30 years, slipped out of Scotland Yard's "escape-proof" handcuffs, as well as America's highest-security prison in Washington, D.C., and fooled President Teddy Roosevelt into believing that spirits from the beyond could predict his future?

To his rival performers he was a ruthless and controversial figure who never revealed a secret; to aspiring young magicians he was both an inspiration and an active hand in launching their careers; to his managers he was the only "straight" performer who could grab and hold the front page whenever he chose; and to law enforcement officials, of course, he was the one celebrity they thanked God had not, with his unique talents, been lured into a life of crime.

At the height of his career, his most famous phrase was not "abracadabra," but, rather, "I, Harry Houdini, challenge...!" The object of the challenge could have been the local constable of the town hoosegow or a European monarch—but the dare was always the same, tossed out by this intense, curlyheaded young man, whose serious hazel-colored eyes left no doubt that he meant business, despite his short stature and thin physique...and, for the first 25 years of his life, his lack of fame and recognition.



Houdini about to perform the harrowing pagoda torture chamber escape.

Unlike the stereotyped vaudeville performer, The Great Houdini was not born in a trunk, nor with a silver spoon (wand?) in his mouth, and neither were his parents, poor uneducated immigrants from New York City's Lower East Side.

Houdini was born Ehrich Weiss on April 6, 1874, in Appleton, Wisconsin, within weeks of his parents' arrival from Budapest, where his father had been a noted scholar, educator and rabbi, rather than the expected beer-hall performer. Little Ehrich's first exposure to show business, or so the story goes, was when lacking the admission, he sneaked in with some friends to see Jack Hoeffler's Five-Cent Circus on the outskirts of town and caught his initial glimpse of a real-live magician: The Great Merlin. Dumbfounded by the conjuror's productions of flowers, silks, and bunny-rabbits, Ehrich skipped his dinner and nighttime chores just so Merlin (no one seems to know his real name) could teach him some coin prestidigitation and other parlor tricks.

He was hooked, and at the tender age of 9, after much practice, was hired to do rope walks and other stunts by the same circus, in addition to the magic that he always held foremost in his ambitions. Then, shortly after his twelfth birthday, without telling anyone, he lit out from home and, dubbing himself "Eric the Great," performed in local carnivals throughout the Midwest, supplementing his income with whatever odd jobs he could find. When a year later, he rejoined his family, who had since moved to New York City, and got a job as a tie-cutter, it was not because he'd given up his great dream. Within weeks he was collecting new tricks,



Bound and shackled, straight-jacketed and submerged in twenty-ton baths, Houdini performed every conceivable illusionist feat in his single-minded pursuit of world fame.

poring over classic magic books, learning acrobatics at a nearby athletic club with his brother Theo, and performing whenever and wherever he got the chance.

And the name "Houdini"? Clue: Ehrich's favorite book, the work on magic which he discovered in his adolescence and always kept with him, was *The Memoirs of Robert-Houdin, Ambassador, Author and Conjurer, Written by Himself.* Perhaps Robert-Houdin was not the greatest illusionist of all time, but he was the first to wear a coat and tails and startle the crowned heads of Europe (most notably Louis-Philippe of France) with such phenomena as instantly flowering orange trees, automatic writing, and vanishing-and-reappearing personal items of members of the Court.

In a word, what Robert-Houdin had was *class*, which the budding young magician tried to borrow along with his name—and also with several dozen illusions, all carefully explained in the Master's great book.

By 1894 an obscure act called The Houdini Brothers (Ehrich and Theo, renamed Harry and Hardeen) had played every tiny club in New York and toured the midwest but was going nowhere: People saw nothing new in handcuff escapes and uninventive acrobatic stunts. Rabbi Weiss had passed away, and money was scarce. But in June the impetuous Harry Houdini met and married (just 10 days later) Beatrice Rahner, a waif-like little thing, who, as Bessie Raymond, was to be his companion, confidante, and co-star for many years. All at once his luck had changed.

During the next five years, Harry and Bessie played Tony Pastor's, New York's first big-time variety show, had started an ill-fated traveling show of their own —"The American Gaiety Girls," did some circus work (receiving star billing), and finally persuaded the legendary Martin Beck to put them on the biggest "road show" of all, the Orpheum vaudeville circuit. Houdini's most successful "publicity stunt" was to challenge the local police chief of every town where he played to try to lock him up and give him one minute to escape—which he always did, thus making the front page of the local

An early Houdini promotion stunt was to challenge the police chief of every town he played to lock him up. No jail cell could hold him for long.

newspaper a day or two before the show opened.

His first really spectacular trick, which he had put himself in hock to purchase from an obscure magician, was called, simply "Metamorphosis," but it stunned every kind of audience: The Great Houdini, manacled and tied, was enclosed in a large sealed pouch and, before a volunteer "committee" from the audience, locked securely in a large trunk, bound by chains. Bessie, carrying a large curtain, would mount the trunk, with only her head showing, count to three, then duck. Within seconds, her husband's head had taken its place—and Bessie was found, bound and sacked, in the trunk.

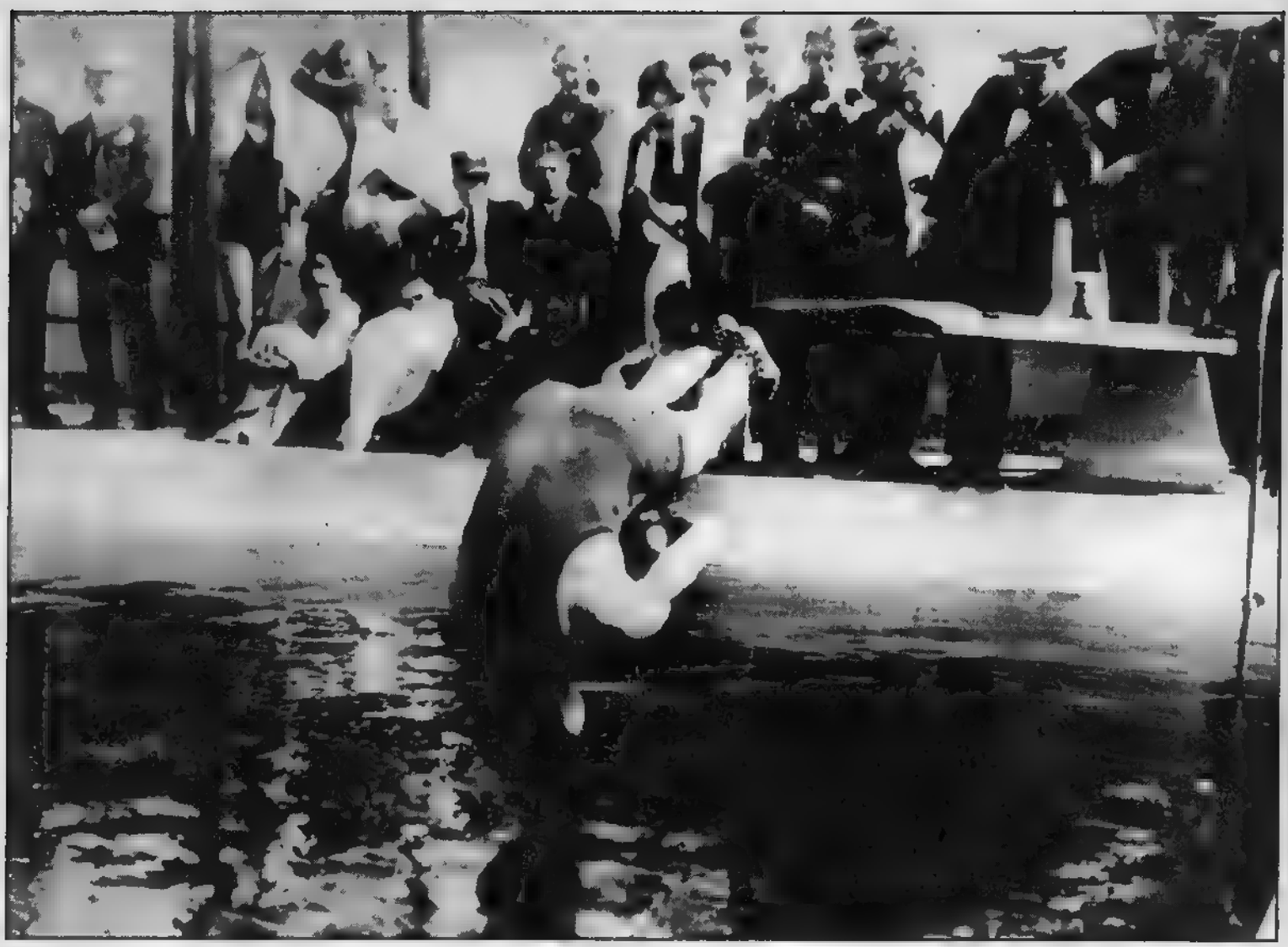
The Secret? Very simply: a combination of speed, fast patter, concealed picks for the handcuffs, a false backside for the trunk, a hidden opening at the bottom of the sack, and superior timing and showmanship. (For the information of you magic buffs, this illusion is even now being performed by illusionist Doug Henning in the Broadway smash, *The Magic Show*, and is as stunning an effect as ever!)

It was in 1900 that Houdini, still seeking the super-stardom that had thus far eluded him, astounded his friends by zipping off to London with Bessie to make it big in Europe, without any sponsorship. After desperate weeks of no bookings he finally tried a longshot—challenging the superintendent of Scotland Yard to chain him to a pillar in their toughest handcuffs before the eyes of a prominent local showbiz magnate. He was free in a matter of seconds and was signed on the spot by the promoter. Moreover, the incident made the papers, and his success as the American "Handcuff King" was assured. His old formula had worked again!

This was to be the first of many successful tours abroad—tours planned to give him the clout to make it really big in the States, to prove to those who had laughed or scoffed at his talents that he had what it took, after all, to be the greatest illusionist and escape artist that had ever lived. That this was to be a running theme in his life was hinted at when, after a triumph on the Continent (including Berlin's world-famous Wintergarten) the widow of his namesake, the great Robert-Houdin, refused to see him; stung by the rebuff, he immediately started collecting material for the most



Houdini hangs suspended over Broadway and 46th Street in New York thrilling open-mouthed crowds with his fantastic dangling straight jacket escape. Split second timing and expert showmanship were the tricks of his trade and he defied skeptics and other challengers to detect them.



Handcuffed and with his feet chained to a 20-pound weight, Houdini dives into a Los Angeles swimming pool.

famous of the books he was later to write—*The Unmasking of Robert-Houdin*, which not only publicly revealed all the old master's great illusions, but explained in great detail how he had "stolen" most of them from other, less fortunate, performers.

Perhaps Houdini's "campiest" height was reached when, after sending for his mother to join them in Europe, he took her on a surprise visit to her old home town of Budapest, hired a hall in a ritzy hotel, and glowed as she, dressed in a gown made for the late Queen Victoria (which he'd picked up earlier in London for 50 pounds), "held court" for her long-lost friends and relatives.

The demon that possessed Harry Houdini was the urge to prove that he could do anything. After his triumphant return to New York, touted in advance by his regular column in *The New York Dramatic Mirror* (the *Billboard* of its day), he published his own magazine for magicians, *The Conjurer's Monthly;* demonstrated to the world that he could escape from any receptacle specifically designed to "hold" him; bought a luxurious brownstone in New York's then fashionable Morningside Heights; returned to England for further accolades; and released himself from the very jail cell in Washington, D.C., that had held President Garfield's assassin—but not before releasing several prisoners and relocking them up in each others' cells, to the astonishment of the nation's number one warden.

Other headliners: celebrating the 25th anniversary of his joining the five-cent circus at a huge publicized bash in Berlin; flying the first airplane on the continent of Australia; producing and starring in twenty-odd silent films in which he saved and won the heroine through various death-defying exploits (though he did all the stunts himself and appeared live at the premieres, the flicks bombed horribly—Houdini was a great showman, but no actor);



Successful coffin escape at the Hotel Shelton's pool in New York City.



Houdini puts up $10,000 to challenge a "genuine" spirit medium in Boston.

The demon that possessed Harry was the desire to prove he could do anything. Ironically, it was the same iron will that finally ended his life.

and, of course, pioneering regularly such new effects as the milk can escape, which he once nearly botched when overcome by fumes exuded by the lager beer a local brewer had waggishly substituted for the usual milk or water.

Forgetting—or perhaps making up for—his early fake spiritualist acts, Houdini launched the biggest publicity push of his career when he announced to the world that he would undertake to reward any "medium" whom he could not unmask as a phony. This campaign reached brilliant heights when he put together his own, purposely fraudulent, "traveling seance" to demonstrate the tricks of this particular trade. But heights of absurdity were reached when his friend Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of "Sherlock Holmes" and an avid defender of spiritualism, accused Houdini of being a real-live closet clairvoyant because he would never reveal his tricks. To Doyle, Houdini was a fraud in reverse—pretending to be a super-illusionist, while all the time (according to Doyle) he was using his psychic powers to achieve his spectacular "effects"! Houdini's great book on this subject, *A Magician Among the Spirits*, has yet to be surpassed for its color, detail, and scope. And perhaps his greatest performance of all was when he brought his seance act to Washington to demonstrate spirit fakery before both houses of Congress.



"The great Houdini" in his prime.

Paradoxically, it was Harry Houdini's very iron determination which ended his life. Distracted by his wife's succumbing to a temporary indisposition and by a series of business meetings, he broke his ankle during a performance and, against the best medical advice, performed for three days running in a brace he'd devised for himself. The next evening, while touring Montreal, he was visited by a student in his dressing room. Wracked with the pain from his ankle, worried by his wife's illness, and absorbed in his correspondence, he was not listening when the youth asked him if he could test Houdini's legendary stomach muscles with a few rabbit punches. He murmured assent and the young man let fly.

The next day, still treating his physicians with the contempt he usually reserved for hecklers, fake mediums, and larcenous magicians, he appeared on stage with a 104° fever, collapsing as the curtain rang down. Within the hour he was under surgery for acute appendicitis, but peritonitis had already set in. One week later, on Halloween, October 31, 1926, he died in the arms of his adoring wife and brother, The Great Hardeen, who was to carry on after him. Houdini's last words were: "I'm tired of fighting."

THE GREAT BANK VAULT ESCAPE

Houdini's Greatest Trick Explained!

While playing at London's famous Euston Palace, The Great Houdini announced that he would attempt to escape from any bank vault if he were allowed to examine it twenty-four hours beforehand. The Challenge was met by a manufacturer who had just come out with a "burglar-proof" vault and felt he could use the publicity. The huge mechanism was at once brought to the theater and put on display in the lobby until next day's performance time.

The following evening, before entering the massive safe, Houdini invited experts from the bank, as well as a "committee" from the audience to inspect it for any signs of tampering or other foul play during the preceding day and night. Result—a clean bill of health.

Then, clad only in a scanty bathing suit which was also inspected, he shook hands solemnly with the assembled crew and was shut into the monstrous vault, which was entirely covered by a screen to prevent possible aid from confederates.

Thirty minutes later there was no sign of the greatest escape artist of all time, and the audience clamored for his release before he suffocated to death. Fifteen minutes after that, Harry Houdini emerged from the screens, as cool as a cucumber.

The vault was reinspected—and pronounced kosher.

SECRET: The lock, of course, was indeed in perfect shape. The springs, however, that worked the lock had been replaced the night before with weaker ones (Houdini and his assistants were, in addition to their other skills, crack locksmiths!). The pick still needed to pop the weakened lock was slipped to the nearly naked Houdini by a fellow magician on the audience committee during the "farewell" handshake. The wiley Master of Escape, his confidantes later learned, had "sprung" the weakened lock within seconds of his incarceration and spent three quarters of an hour reading the illustrated weeklies, behind the screen until the deafening sounds from the audience indicated they were about to storm the stage to free the "suffocating" Houdini.

(Amidst the backstage confusion after the show, the original tough springs were reattached to the lock mechanism, with no one the wiser.)

FREEDOM SEVEN BLASTS OFF

By R. T. Allin

On May 5, 1961, a romantic fantasy as old as mankind was fulfilled. Alan Shepard dashed through the heavens to become America's first Man In Space.



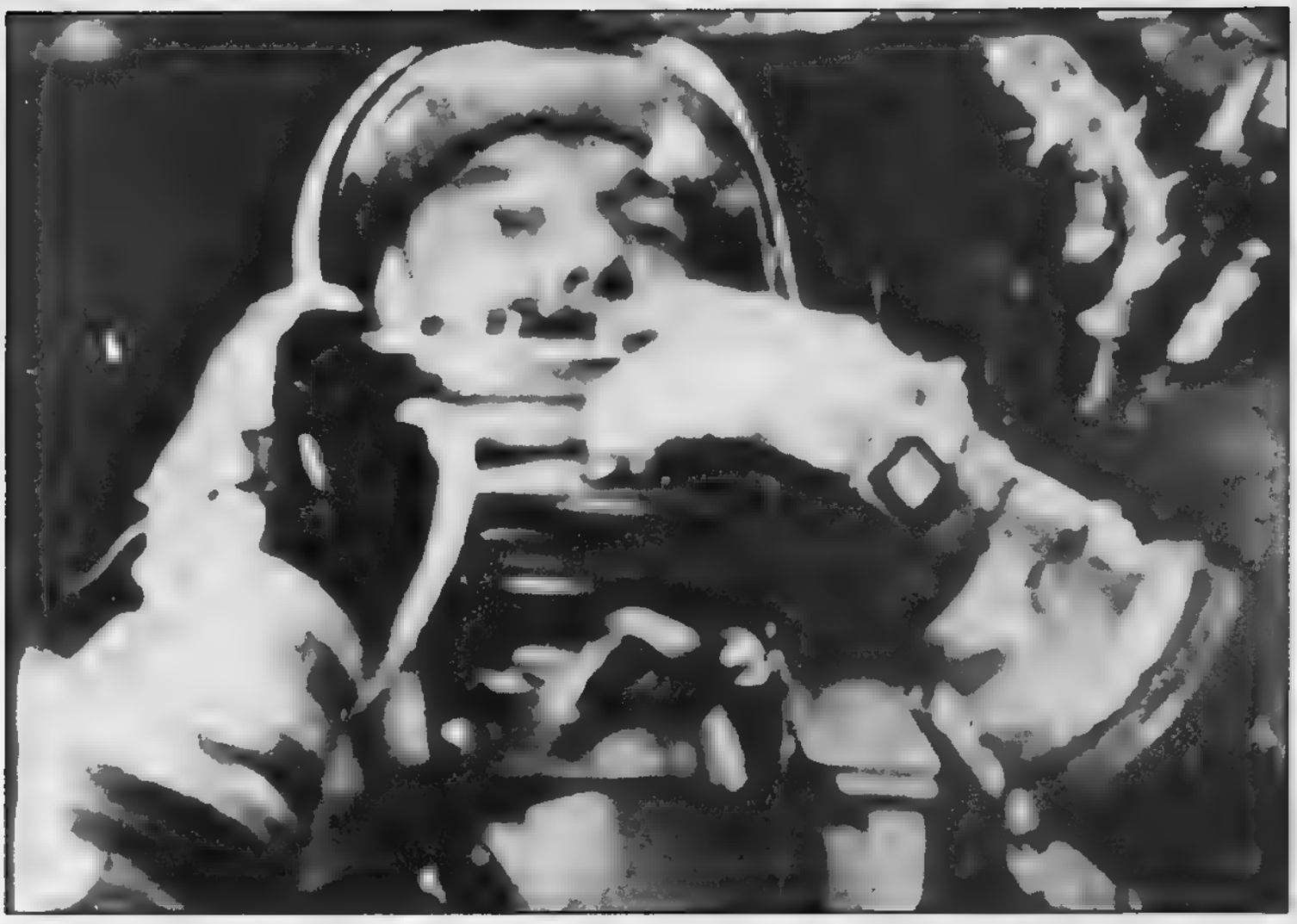


A victorious Shepard waves to crew members of carrier Lake Champlain *following splashdown. Shepard (second from right) poses with fellow astronauts during their training program, among them John Glenn, Virgil Grissom and Walter Schirra.*

America had not seen such a star-spangled day in years. Washington, D.C. was particularly festive and exuberant, with flags and banners fluttering gaily above the major boulevards, with parade stands filled to the brim along Pennsylvania Avenue all the way to Capitol Hill, with a half million tourists practically begging souvenir hawkers for their colorful trinkets and mementos. Across the entire country, buttons were popping off proud, patriotic chests. People were united in a common spirit of innocent celebration. Schools were let out. Businessmen stayed home from work. One busy young executive by the name of John Fitzgerald Kennedy cancelled all appointments just so he might welcome the man who had captured his nation's fancy with a feat of gallantry, now emblazoned in our history books along with the most hallowed and immortal of prodigious moments.

The country's new hero was U.S. Naval Lieutenant Alan B. Shepard, Jr. Less than one week earlier, on May 5, 1961, Shepard had dashed through the heavens to become America's first Man in Space, thereby fulfilling a romantic fantasy as old as mankind. Although he was actually the second man to ride a rocket toward the stars—Russian cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin had been the first just twenty-four days earlier—the slender thirty-seven year old became the greatest hero this country had produced since the heyday of The Lone Eagle, Charles Lindbergh, in 1927. Perhaps the most personable, too. Quick with a brilliant smile and even more brilliant wit, Shepard's press conference quips and spontaneous gestures had the entire population tickled. Even President Kennedy could not contain his reactions to the sparkling spaceman. At the White House award ceremonies for Shepard, JFK was so beset with laughter that he had a most difficult time pinning the medals on Shepard. The country loved it.

On May 5th, however, Alan B. Shepard was all business. Awaken-



The entire world was astounded at these photographs of Shepard during his flight. Photos were released the following day





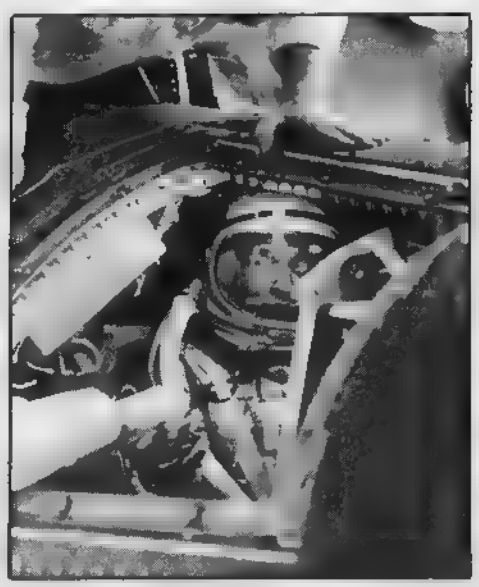
ing before dawn in his special mobile quarters at Cape Canaveral, Shepard downed his customary breakfast of steak and eggs and then headed for the launch area. Waiting for him there was the Mercury-Redstone B booster rocket, whose seventy-five thousand pounds of fiery thrust would hurl the one hundred sixty pound Shepard toward his precarious fate. The fearless flyer donned his special space suit. With the sun still below the horizon, Shepard emerged from the preparation chambers and headed for the gantry. Wearing shiny silver from helmet to boot, carrying a small portable air conditioner, the astronaut suddenly looked the part of a man from another world. America held its breath as Shepard rode to the bell-shaped Mercury capsule perched high above. With the nickname "Freedom 7" painted on its side, the Mercury capsule would be Shepard's cramped quarters for several hours of breathlessness, then weightlessness, then sheer waiting in the Atlantic swells for recovery.

The door was closed and locked securely. A droll voice belonging to one John "Shorty" Powers crackled across the launch area, informing all listeners that step by step the rocket and its payload had checked out. The countdown marched downward. On nearby Cocoa Beach, nearly a million adventurous onlookers crossed their fingers bearing witness to the incredible scene a mile or two across the water. Hardly a television set across the land sat inert or ignored. Shorty Powers picked up the count. "T-minus one minute and counting," he intoned. "T-minus thirty seconds. T-minus twenty seconds. T-minus ten-nine-eight-seven-six-" A rumbling of engines was heard. "-three-two-" Clouds of orange and grey smoke billowed out of the skinny Redstone. "Ignition. Liftoff!" Alan B. Shepard was on his way. It was 9:34 A.M.

The tension-filled launch was absolutely flawless. The trusty booster rocket performed perfectly, and as the escape tower tumbled uselessly from atop the space capsule into the ocean depths, a collective sigh of relief wafted over the Cape and across the waves. When the perky voice of Freedom 7's skillful pilot came forth from space, a huge cheer erupted far and wide—and a new phrase took root in the universal lexicon: "Everything is A-OK!" reported the inventive Shepard as he commenced to check off the myriad readings from his instrument panel. Everything certainly was A-OK to the scientists at mission control and over three hundred million excited onlookers around the shrinking globe.

The little craft jettisoned the exhausted Redstone and sped into space, exploring the mysteries of space travel by the score en route. Weightlessness was probably the most intriguing condition to be experienced and assessed by Lieutenant Shepard, and he found it to be no problem. The Russian Gagarin had also experienced the eerie state three weeks before, but the official Soviet silence made such details and accounts unavailable to the men of Mercury.







From left: Shepard, clad in his silver space suit, arrives at Cape Canaveral launching pad for takeoff; he is assisted into his Mercury spacecraft by his backup, John Glenn; a good-luck handshake and a last peek at Earth before takeoff.

When the perky voice of Freedom 7's pilot came forth from space, a huge cheer erupted and a new phrase—"Everything's A-OK"—took root.

One mystery that Gagarin hadn't explored was the actual manual maneuvering of his spacecraft. This was a primary task for the pilot of Freedom 7. He was to do this not so much as a ritual or test, but as an exercise vital to his safe return. Shepard fired little propellants located about the craft, and the capsule pitched forward as expected. Then he fired again, and his spaceship shifted—or "yawed"—from one direction to another, as if operating in a turret. Finally, the little booster rockets caused the capsule to roll over and over. Having concluded that all three maneuvers had proceeded "A-OK," Shepard guided Freedom 7 to the proper position for re-entry into the atmosphere.

Shepard attained a maximum altitude—known as his "apogee" in the official vocabulary—of 116 statute miles about midway into his flight, just about as had been expected for a suborbital flight with its ballistic trajectory. His top speed was in excess of five thousand miles per hour; while modest by today's post-lunar landing standards, it was downright wondrous just fourteen years ago. As he sped down-range his vision reached as far as North Carolina's Cape Hatteras twelve hundred miles away. "What a beautiful view!" he exulted in an inevitable understatement, one that would be repeated almost verbatim by succeeding space explorers for years to come. Fifteen minutes after leaving the planet aboard his reliable Mercury-Redstone B, Alan B. Shepard passed through a flaming re-entry period toward his landing point 302 statute miles across the Atlantic Missile Range, near Grand Bahama Island. Within minutes a helicopter had spotted the bobbing blue craft, and the hero was hauled aboard in perfect condition.

The flight of Freedom 7 was, at that time, a culmination of a highly-distinguished career for Alan Shepard. After graduating from the Annapolis Naval Academy in 1944, Shepard fought in the Pacific theater in World War II aboard the destroyer Cogswell. He subsequently entered flight train-



"Ignition. Liftoff!" One million adventurous onlookers held their breath as the Mercury Redstone rocket carrying Shepard took off without a hitch.





Shepard is helped aboard helicopter after splashdown off the Bahamas. Copter later lifts Mercury space capsule from water.

ing and received his wings in 1947. Just three years later he became a test pilot for the U.S. Navy, first conducting high-altitude experiments, then testing such high-velocity vehicles as the F2H3 Banshee, the F3H Demon, the F8U Crusader, the F4D Skyray, and the F11F Tigercat. After logging more than three thousand hours in jet aircraft alone, Shepard was selected—in April of 1959—as one of the seven original Mercury astronauts, along with such familiar names as Walter Schirra, John Glenn, Virgil Grissom, Donald Slayton, Scott Carpenter, and L. Gordon Cooper.

Following the glittering success of the now-legendary Freedom 7 flight, Shepard returned to training and assumed far greater responsibilities. Now a Naval Commander, he was designated Chief of the Astronaut Office in 1963, a job which put him in charge of all pilot training programs for manned space projects. Misfortune, however, befell Alan Shepard and curtailed his own plans for future space assignments; he was sidelined by a curious inner-ear disorder that deterred his hopes for involvement in further space missions until 1969, when surgery finally corrected the disorder. He was restored to full flight status in May, 1969.

Many spaceflights have taken place since that little lob on May 5, 1961—Shepard himself eventually commanded the crew of Apollo 14, becoming both the only Mercury astronaut to pin down such an assignment, and the only man in history to swing a golf club on the surface of the moon (President Kennedy would've gotten a kick out of that)—but outside of John Glenn's flight and Neil Armstrong's Apollo 11 moon landing, no manned mission has even approached Freedom 7 for fascination, thrills, and sheer romance. Some have called Alan B. Shepard a "latter-day Columbus." Others think of him in terms of the great American explorers and pioneers. His achievements are certainly deserving of such plaudits. Now, with one last manned space venture in the forseeable future—the Skylab rendezvous and its Soviet counterpart this summer—Rear Admiral Alan B. Shepard has secured his niche at the forefront of mankind's ultimate adventure: the conquest of space.



JFK presents him with National Aeronautics and Space Administration Medal.

DISNEY'S FOLLY

By Penny Nicolai

The thought of adults sitting through 83 minutes of animation seemed inconceivable at the time. But the audience loved it and the critics raved.

A new concept of entertainment was born on December 21, 1937, a date still remembered by the film industry. It was the world premiere of Walt Disney's first feature length cartoon—*Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.*

Labeled "Disney's folly", critics were more than skeptical. The thought of people sitting through 83 minutes of animation seemed inconceivable at the time. Cartoons were thought of as strictly fillers, not features.

However, in the true Hollywood tradition, thousands turned out to see the publicized event. With celebrities such as Marlene Dietrich, Judy Garland, Charles Laughton, Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, it was the kind of opening of which Disney had always dreamed. And the reviews



Having lost her way in the forest, Snow White is befriended by a helpful group of anthropomorphic woodland creatures.



Snow White premiered on December 21, 1937.

were sensational. As one animator described it, "The audience was so taken by the magic of what they saw that they would clap after each individual sequence." It was like a reaction to a hit on Broadway; nothing like this had happened in features before. The cartoon had definitely come into its own as a feature attraction

Disney had been thinking of doing an animated feature for some time. Apart from knowing that a feature cartoon, if successful, would make more money, he wanted to be able to create a larger format—one that would give him a chance to come up with more complex plots and more elaborate characters. In short, Disney wanted to be able to take a story and provide it with a kind of magical realism that was beyond the reach of live action.

The production of *Snow White* actually began in 1934, but it had probably been churning around in Disney's mind long before then. He had been fascinated with the story since boyhood. In fact, it was the first movie he had ever seen and he felt the story had a good plot with mass appeal.

The most important aspect of the story, however, was the characters, and they would be the supreme test for Disney Studios. Animators would have to start from scratch, creating characters beguiling enough to sustain the audience for the entire length of the film. Walt knew that the seven little dwarfs would have to carry the picture. Snow White was a beautiful but standard heroine, the prince played only a small part, and the Queen was evil and of course the villain. Therefore, the dwarfs would have to be amusing and filled with human interest.



The dwarfs entertain their guest.



The Queen orders the huntsman to kill Snow White and remove her heart.

The ancient fairy tale by the Grimm Brothers was not much help, since the dwarfs were depicted as phantom figures with no real personalities. And so the story department was put to work. Names and ideas abounded. Disney wanted names that were descriptive of the personalities they hoped to create. Nifty, Sniffy, Lazy, Puffy, Stubby, Shorty, Burpy, Gabby and Wheezy were only a few that were thought of and then rejected. Voices were tried in hopes of inspiration. Finally, through elimination, the little men were chosen.

By the fall of '34, outlines dealing with specific scenes and situations began to circulate through the studio. Disney's bonus system of $5.00 for a gag and $100 for a full cartoon idea was modified and adapted to instigate more ideas. More and more meetings were held. The story was finally

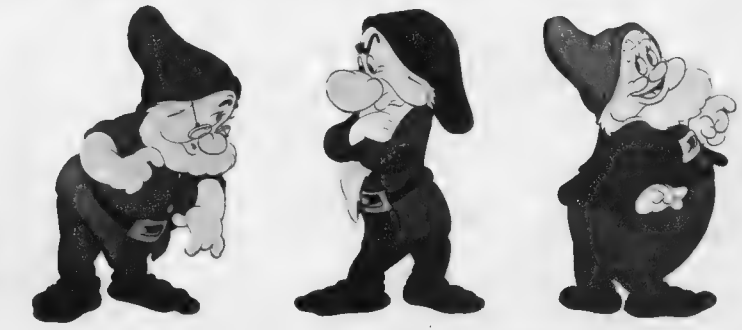


The dwarfs in the original Grimms' fairy tale had neither names nor personalities. That was the Disney studio's job.

Snow White was a beautiful but standard heroine and the Queen was obviously the villain. Disney knew that the dwarfs would have to carry the picture.



The Queen, disguised as a witch, tries to persuade apprehensive Snow White to take a bite of poisoned apple.



After eliminations, the animators came up with (from far left) Sneezy, Bashful, Dopey, Sleepy, Doc, Grumpy and Happy.



After taking a bite of the poisoned apple, Snow White falls into a death-like sleep as the dwarfs kneel around the bier.

beginning to take form.

However, the plot was only the first obstacle. Technical problems that had never presented themselves began to appear.

Up to this point, all animation drawings had been made on 9½ by 12 inch paper with the layouts and backgrounds geared to these dimensions. The drawings were then traced and painted on to celluloid sheets and sent to the camera department. However, while this system worked for simple cartoons, it became evident that it was a lost cause for *Snow White*. There were too many characters in the scenes. If the animators stuck to the old format, it meant that everything would have to be minute—an impossible task. A new size of 6½ inches was introduced and a series of animation boards was constructed. Other technical problems—such as how to obtain an illusion of depth—also cropped up.

One by one the studio solved these problems and the animators then turned to the next one—how to animate the tiny men. Human figures had always been difficult, but now the artists were dealing with deformed humans as well. Should they walk normally or should they swing from side to side working with their hips and legs? Perhaps they could be given a waddle or a quick walk. And so, more meetings were held, puppets were made and different walks were tried.

Walt Disney was a perfectionist and he was determined that his feature would hit the screen exactly the way he conceived it. From the characters to the set decoration, right on down to the smallest detail, everything had to be perfect. In order for this project to succeed, Disney felt there was no margin for error. If a better idea turned up, he called back all the scenes to incorporate the new idea.

All in all, as many as 750 artists worked on the production between 1934 and 1937. They consisted of 32 animators, 102 assistants, 167 in-betweeners (those who fill in bits of action between the animator's drawings) 20 layout men, 25 background artists, 65 special effects animators and 158 women who reproduced the drawings on celluloid sheets.

When taking into consideration all the preliminary sketches, plus the number of times each one had to be re-drawn, it has been estimated that at least one million drawings were made during the entire production. If someone tried to make the same type of feature in the same manner today, the cost would be somewhere around 10 million dollars, five times over the two million it cost in 1937. The big difference would be the man-hours. The production time would be similar. However, new techniques have eliminated much of the detail work and key animators have become much more proficient with experience thus requiring less men to do the job. Another plus today is the use of Xerography, a magnetic process that transfers the original drawings to celluloid.

As "Disney's Folly" progressed, live actors and actresses were used as an aid to the animation and, of course, for the voices. Some years previously, a system for filming live

When taking into consideration the number of times each sketch had to be redone, about one million drawings were made during the entire production.

actors and using the results as a guide had been devised. This method, known as rotoscoping, yielded gestures and mannerisms that could never be invented. Marge Champion was cast as Snow White and Andriana Caselotti was her voice.

Much of the final production work was jammed into the last years but it equaled three years of concentrated effort by Disney himself, three years in which he faced problems daily. The entire industry was convinced that he had bitten off more than he could chew and hints of disaster were printed in both trade publications and national newspapers and magazines.

Finally it was done, and all that remained was to see the results. That evening was one of Disney's finest moments. It had all been worth while. He walked into the project with his eyes wide open, knowing the risks and willing to take them. And with his success came the knowledge that he advanced the art of animation to a new level of sophistication, a level that everyone had thought was beyond reach.

In 1939, Shirley Temple made the presentation of that most coveted award. It was inscribed "To Walt Disney for *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,* recognized as a significant screen innovation which has charmed millions and pioneered a great new entertainment field for the motion picture cartoon."

Today, Snow White still lives.



Disney gets a special Oscar in 1939.

Both the musical score and picture are timeless. Disney did many things for the film industry in his lifetime, but Snow White was indeed one of his finest.



All good fairy tales come to a joyful end. The Prince revives Snow White and carries her off to live happily ever after.

REMEMBER WHEN....

By Dan Carlinsky

A pop culture puzzler that picks up where your shrink leaves off. This storehouse of collected trivia could take you back to your toddler days.

Another in a series of trivial tests designed to tickle your memory, tug at your heartstrings and drive you bananas.

A pop culture potpourri this time, with 30 mixed questions that should strike a responsive chord. As usual, the first 15 are on the easy side, the last 15 are harder. Figure you need 12 right to pass in section 1; only 8 right is a good grade for section 2.

1. What three California towns were on the railroad schedule frequently called out on the Jack Benny program?

2. Name all five Marx Brothers. That's right, *five*.

3. What TV show featured a rolling list of weather conditions in dozens of American cities and camera shots of sidewalk spectators peering through a large window?

4. Is it "a fiery horse with the speed of light," "a speedy horse who's fast as lightning" or "a thundering horse with hooves of lightning?" And by the way, who's the horse?

5. Was John Mize a baseball player, a member of Truman's cabinet or a radio announcer?

6. Who used to say things like, "You're expecting maybe Tooraloora Bankhead?" And where did she live?

7. Was Nancy Drew an actress or singer?

8. What throb singer of the early 50s was known for letting his hair down and crying?

9. Name the three children in *Peter Pan*. Also the dog.

10. Match the quote with the quoter:

A. "Hey, Wild Bill, wait for me!"
B. "One of these days, Alice—POW! right in the kisser!"
C. "And it keeps on running!"
D. "Well, I'll be a dirty bird!"





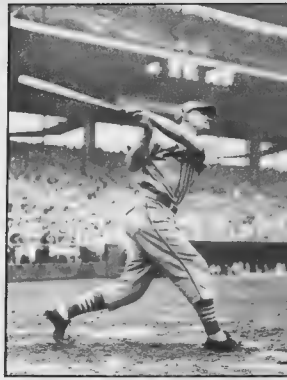




Pop singer of the early 1950s who liked to let his hair down and cry.







Can you name the mystery hitter?

a. John Cameron Swayze
b. George Gobel
c. Jingles
d. Ralph Kramden

11. What were Alfred Hitchcock's opening words on "Alfred Hitchcock Presents?"

12. Who were the voices of Bert and Harry Piel?

13. Where did Ajax, the foaming cleanser, float the dirt?

14. It's time to play "Match the Mice":

A. Mickey's friend
B. Krazy Kat's antagonist
C. Mickey's nephew

a. Ignatz
b. Minnie
c. Morty

15. True or false: Vern Albright worked for Cunningham Aircraft.

16. What did my friend, the Witch Doctor, say to me?

17. Into whose garden did Peter Rabbit run?

18. What was Johnny Sheffield's big movie role?

19. Match the opponents:

A. Poison Sumac
B. Elmer Fudd
C. Peter Pain
D. The Beagle Boys

a. Happy Tooth
b. Rootie Kazootie
c. Uncle $crooge
d. Bugs Bunny

Pictured in bottom row, the five Marx Brothers. The first three are easy to name, but who are the remaining two?

20. Give the last names: Lamont _____(The Shadow), Egbert _____ (Riley's neighbor's son), Edouard _____(the wrestler).
21. At the end of *Casablanca,* what kind of beverage did the prefect of police (played by Claude Raines) throw into a waste basket?
22. Elsa Lanchester played a double role in *Bride of Frankenstein*. One part was the bride. What was the other?
23. Match the character with the descriptive title:
A. "Tracer of Lost Persons"
B. "King of the Wild Frontier"
C. "King of the River"
D. "The All-American Boy"
a. Jack Armstrong
b. Mr. Keen
c. Mike Fink
d. Davy Crockett
24. What presidential aspirant is associated with the song, "Tennessee Waltz?"
25. Who was Baby Gerald?
26. What is Lady Bird Johnson's real first name?
27. Where was Our Gal Sunday born?
28. When someone complimented Mae West by offering, "Goodness, what beautiful diamonds!" what was Mae's reply? In what movie?
29. Who hosted the "Breakfast Club" radio show? In what city?
30. What is Fabian's last name?

Answers on page 74





Shown at top, the Fabulous Fabe. We're not telling who's pictured below. (Hint: they were radio's Bert and Harry Piel.)

BURTON K. WHEELER: THE FORGOTTEN SENATOR

By Jay Acton

In a decade when politicians seem headed for the Big House rather than the White House, it is surprising how few recall the upright Montana statesman.

Mention the name Burton K. Wheeler and you'll be lucky if it elicits the faintest glimmer of recognition among people under 30. Even those who are supposedly old enough to know better (or at least remember) are more than a little vague as to his influence in the first half of this century. And while one can hardly be expected to have total recall of the politics of half a century ago, it is surprising that the significance of Wheeler's career has gone unnoticed. In a decade where politicians seem headed for the Big House rather than the White House, who remembers the Senator who bared the scandal that bore an uncanny resemblance to the recent Nixon hijinx? In a decade where the executive power of the President is being seriously questioned, who recalls that it was Wheeler who spoke out against just such abuses nearly 40 years ago? Yet his death early this year went unnoticed except for a solitary obituary in the *New York Times.*

Burton K. Wheeler started his political career as a maverick, challenging a powerful establishment at a time when few others had the courage to do so. The youngest of ten children born to Quaker parents in the small industrial town of Hudson, Massachusetts, Wheeler managed to save enough money to attend law school at the University of Michigan. He headed west after graduating, finally settling in Butte, Montana where he opened his first law practice. His popularity in Butte got him elected to the state legislature in 1910 on the democratic ticket.

But it looked as if Wheeler's political career—in Montana at least—would be short lived. Butte's principal industry was copper mining and the town was in complete control of the copper interests. If one hoped to establish a





Far left, Wheeler at the start of his career. Above, with Smith Brookhart and Henry Ashurst (left and center)



Senator Wheeler sorts his law books shortly before leaving his capitol hill office after twenty-five years.

business or political career in Butte, it was very unwise to do anything to anger them. But Wheeler did just that; when the copper trust nominated a candidate for the U.S. Senate, (In those days, senators were not directly elected by the people—the state legislatures had that honor.) Wheeler had the audacity to vote against their candidate, and for that unpardonable sin, Big Copper made sure that he was soundly defeated when he ran for state Attorney General in 1913. However, by this time, Wheeler's talents had not gone unnoticed in Washington, and President Wilson appointed him as U.S. Attorney for Montana, where he defied the copper interests a second time.

The United States' entry into World War I· and the Russian Revolution resulted in an American campaign to rid the country of reds, anarchists, wobblies and other "subversives" that makes the McCarthy hearings look like a routine exercise in democracy. When a series of indiscriminately tough sedition laws were passed in Montana, Wheeler refused to enact them. And when he refused to indict a group of IWW leaders, the copper interests retaliated by denouncing him as a dupe of Lenin and the Kaiser. Rather than subject himself to such unfounded abuse, Wheeler resigned from his post.

But this smear campaign didn't stop him in the least. In 1920, Wheeler ran for Governor on a coalition ticket that included a black and an Indian, and again, Big Copper saw to it that he was defeated. Undaunted, he forged a successful alliance of farm and labor blocs and was elected to the U.S. Senate in 1922 (Senators were by this time directly elected). He was catapulted to national prominence two years later when he rose in the Senate chambers to deliver what he later characterized as the most important speech of his career.

History has a strange way of repeating itself and the scandal that was revealed as a result of that speech bears an unsettling resemblance to the scandals of the Nixon administration. Wheeler singled out U.S. Attorney General Harry Daugherty as having abused his office in connection with the Department of the Interior's leases of naval oil reserves. Daugherty had been appointed Attorney General by President Harding in

Wheeler was a victim of smear tactics at a time when the United States' entry into World War I resulted in "anti-subversive" campaigns.



Wheeler repeats his soap-written message (above) at a special committee rally: Keep America Out Of The War.

1921 as a reward for successfully insuring Harding's nomination at the 1920 Republican National Convention and subsequently managing Harding's presidential campaign. (Ironically, nearly 50 years later, another Attorney General named John Mitchell was appointed by Nixon for the same reasons—and met the same fate as Daugherty!) Accusing Daugherty must have been doubly painful for Wheeler, since they were both alumni of the University of Michigan law school. But accuse he did, and the Senate chose Wheeler to present the evidence.

What later became known as the Teapot Dome scandal caused an uproar in the country unrivalled until the recent Watergate debacle. Basically, the meat of the scandal was this: Naval oil reserves established during the Taft and Wilson administrations were transferred from the Navy's jurisdiction to that of the Department of the Interior. Since these reserves were dwindling (owners of adjacent properties were draining them) it was decided in 1922 to lease out two of these reserves to private corporations—Elk Hills in California to Edward Doheny of the Pan American Petroleum Company and Teapot Dome in Wyoming to Harry Sinclair of the Mammoth Oil Company.

These transactions, however, were never revealed on the basis of "national security." But it was finally ascertained that Albert Fall, Harding's very own Secretary of the Interior, had received a $100,000 "loan" from Doheny and

(*Continued on page 72*)



MARILYN MONROE: THE LONELY SHOWGIRL

By Walter H. Hogan

She was a mystery—a seething seductress and a guileless child. Perhaps that's why she became one of the most written about women ever.

She was a film cutter's daughter and her brief scenes for her very first movie, *Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!*, wound up on the cutting room floor, except for a shot of her and another girl rowing a canoe in the distance, their faces unseen. That was in 1948.

And in 1962, production on her twenty-ninth film, prophetically and ironically titled *Something's Got to Give*, was halted when she was fired; she'd reported to the set only 12 times in 32 days.

But in between those two events —in 14 years and 28 films— Marilyn Monroe went from an unknown bit player to the most desired woman in the world. She was a star in just 11 films. She was constantly a mystery, because she was simultaneously a seething seductress and a guileless child. Perhaps that's why she became one of, if not *the* most written about and photographed woman ever— yes, including Elizabeth T. and Jackie O. Some of the most famous writers in the world have written newspaper and magazine articles, books, plays, TV shows, and movies about her. And even now, almost 13 years after her death, there are works about her in progress.

Marilyn was born the year Rudolph Valentino died, on June 1, 1926. Her mother was Gladys Baker; Marilyn's name at birth was Norma Jean Baker; her father was thought to be Edward Mortenson, who'd come from Norway, met Gladys in Los Angeles, and then shortly disappeared. It's believed he was killed in a motorcycle accident in 1929.



Marilyn was a standout in her part in Ticket to Tomahawk *with Dan Dailey.*

After Norma Jean was born, Gladys Baker returned to work as a negative cutter. When she was involved in a knife attack, she was sent to a hospital for observation and later released. but for the rest of her life she would be in and out of mental institutions. From the age of five, Marilyn lived for 11 years in orphanages and foster homes. Once when she called one of her foster mothers "mama," Marilyn was told, "Don't call me mama. I'm not your mama. The only reason you're here is because of the money we get from the county."

"Some of my foster families used to send me to the movies to get me out of the house," Marilyn once said, "and I'd sit all day and way into the night—up there in front, there with the screen so big, a little kid all alone, and I loved it. I loved anything that moved up there and I didn't miss anything that happened.

"When I was older, I used to go to Grauman's Chinese Theatre and try to fit my foot in the prints in the cement there. And I'd say, 'Oh, oh, my foot's too big, I guess that's out.' I did have a funny feeling later when I finally put my foot down into that wet cement. I sure knew what it really meant to me— anything's possible, almost."

Watching the films then, Marilyn might have imagined herself up there on the screen but never thought she'd become so famous that one day a Russian magazine, *Neydela*, would write: "When you speak of the American Way of Life, everybody thinks of chewing gum, Coca-Cola, and Marilyn Monroe."

Marilyn, at age 16, left high school after her sophomore year to marry Jim Dougherty, 21, an aircraft worker, on June 19, 1942. In '44 he enlisted in the Marines and when he was sent overseas she became a paint sprayer in a defense factory. Marilyn divorced him in Reno on October 2, 1946.

Marilyn was married two more



COMMENTS ON MARILYN

"There is something naive and lovely about her, and yet there is sagacity there."

—Carl Sandburg

"She's a kind of ultimate in her way, with a million sides to her, each one of them fascinating She is completely feminine, and feminine without guile Everything Marilyn does is different from any other woman, strange and exciting from the way she talks to the way she uses that magnificent torso."

—Clark Gable

"When you look at Marilyn on the screen, you don't want anything bad to happen to her. You really care that she should be all right, happy."

—Natalie Wood

"So we think of Marilyn who was every man's love affair with America. Marilyn Monroe who was blonde and beautiful and had a sweet little rinky-dink of a voice She was our angel, the sweet angel of sex, and the sugar of sex came up from her like a resonance of sound in the clearest grain of a violin. Across five continents the men who knew the most about love would covet her...since Marilyn was deliverance, a very Stradivarius of sex, so gorgeous, forgiving, humorous, compliant and tender that even the most mediocre musician would relax his lack of art in the dissolving magic of her violin."

—Norman Mailer, Marilyn

"Monroe developed this talent for playing against the sex appeal of her body- which thereby acquitted her of any offense and left the sin firmly lodged in the eye of the beholder."

—Alexander Walker, The Celluloid Sacrifice

"As with all true movie queens, there was an excitement about her. Like Ava Gardner, she'd go from place to place and carry this excitement with her. I remember once she'd arrived late for work again, and I was annoyed, and then I watched her run across the stage in high heels (she always wore high heels) and it was so beautiful to watch, I just enjoyed watching her running and forgave her."

—George Cukor

"In private life she was not in the least what her calumniators would have wished her to be. She was very quiet, had great natural dignity (I cannot imagine anyone who knew her trying to take a liberty with her), and she was extremely intelligent. She was also exceedingly sensitive."

—Edith Sitwell, Taken Care Of

"And this business with the Actor's Studio, that training group for professional actors run by Elia Kazan—what are you doing there? You want to sound like Kim Stanley or Geraldine Page or somebody? I'll bet that if you were to get up and walk across the room, the others would quit show business forever."

—Douglas Watt, New York Daily News

"Luminous and completely desirable. Yet naive about herself and touching, rather like a little frightened animal, a fawn or a baby chicken."

—Joshua Logan



With Louis Calhern in Asphalt Jungle.

times. And, though reluctant to discuss her marriages, she once said, "I fell in love with two of the nicest men I had met up to that time and was lucky enough to marry them." Her other two husbands were baseball great Joe DiMaggio (married January 14, 1954; divorced October 27, 1954) and playwright Arthur Miller (married July 1, 1956; divorced January 21, 1961).

What led Marilyn to the movies? A camera. While she was working in the defense factory, an army publicist passing through noticed her and thought it would boost military morale if she'd pose for some photographs. She agreed. And as Director Billy Wilder once said, "God gave her everything. The first day a photographer took a picture of her she was a genius." And as James Robert Parish said in *The Fox Girls*, Marilyn "was soon named Miss Flamethrower by one division, voted the girl most likely to thaw Alaska by soldiers based in the Aleutians, and chosen as the girl they would most like to examine by the Seventh Division Medical Corps."

A photographer introduced Marilyn to a modeling agent, and within a year she was a popular cover girl on men's magazines, such as *Pic*, *Sir*, and *Salute*. When he saw a photo of Marilyn, RKO head Howard Hughes offered her a screen test, but the agent thought it better to try a bigger studio and suggested Twentieth Century-Fox. The test led to a contract and then to the scenes that ended up on the cutting room floor.

In her first real role, Marilyn had a bit as a waitress in *Dangerous Years;* then Fox dropped her. After all, the studio already had a blonde star who was a top moneymaker: Betty Grable.

At Columbia, her voice coach

"When you look at Marilyn on the screen, you don't want anything bad to happen to her. You really care that she should be all right, happy."

was Fred Karger, who noted that when she smiled, especially in profile, her upper front teeth protruded a little. He said he would see an orthodontist. Since the cost of the needed repairs would run into hundreds of dollars, he asked Dr. Walter Taylor, a ranking specialist in cosmetic dentistry, to help on a benefactor basis, because "she's worth helping."

As Fred Lawrence Guiles tells the story of the alcoholic doctor's help and Marilyn's warm response in his *Norma Jean:* "Marilyn was given a detachable retainer which she wore faithfully whenever she wasn't before a camera. During her brief time at Columbia, the protrusion receded and she was able to abandon the retainer at about the time of Dr. Taylor's final retreat from sobriety.

"She seldom failed to phone the inactive orthodontist at least once or twice a week. When he contracted pneumonia, his organs gravely eroded by alcohol, he lingered near death for days at the Veterans' Hospital; Marilyn went to see him every day and she was there on the afternoon he died."

In her second picture, Columbia's *Ladies of the Chorus*, Marilyn played Adele Jergens' daughter and sang two songs. Said the *Motion Picture Herald:* "One of the bright spots is Miss Monroe's singing. She is pretty and, with her pleasing voice and style, she shows promise."

In the Marx Brothers' *Love Happy*, a UA release, Marilyn had only a one-line, walk-on part. But it was the walk off that did it! She rushed up to detective Groucho and begged his help because "men keep following me," then she walked off in that particularly pendulum style of hers that was inimitable and was made famous—or notorious, if you prefer—in the famous shot in *Niagara*.

In her fourth film, *A Ticket to Tomahawk*, Marilyn had no lines but, as one of a troupe of showgirls, sang a number with Dan Dailey—and was the standout of the troupe. When she returned from a promotional tour with *Love*





Top left, Marilyn in All About Eve. *With Betty Grable, r., in* How To Marry A Millionaire *and Jane Russell, below, in* Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.





Scene from River of No Return, *1955.*

Happy, Marilyn met Johnny Hyde, an executive vice president with the William Morris Agency, responsible for getting her two roles—small, yes, but very important to her career. The first was in MGM's *The Asphalt Jungle*, when she played Louis Calhern's mistress (he called her his "niece" in the film for in 1950 the word "mistress" was a cinema no-no). In recalling Marilyn's audition, Director John Huston said, "She was nervous. But she knew what she wanted. She insisted on reading for the role sprawled on the floor. She wasn't satisfied. She asked if she could do it again. . . but she had the part the first time." Noting the picture was "packed with stand-out performances," the *Photoplay* review added, "There's a beautiful blonde, too, name of Marilyn Monroe, who plays Calhern's girl friend, and makes the most of her footage."

Then Hyde got her a small, two-scene part in one of the all-time screen classics, *All About Eve*. Writer-director Joseph L. Mankiewicz thought she'd be good for the role of Miss Caswell. "I'd interviewed some eight or ten young actresses for the part, all of them of equal physical endowment and professional prowess—I believe Sheree North was one—and I felt Marilyn had the edge. There was a breathlessness and sort of glued-on innocence about her that I found appealing."

When Mankiewicz proposed her for the role, Darryl F. Zanuck's opposition was "instantaneous, vehement and—based upon her earlier 'career' at the studio—possibly justifiable." It was Hyde, said Mankiewicz, who fought the good fight to break down the resistance to her return to Twentieth Century-Fox. On March 27, 1950, Marilyn Monroe was signed for five hundred dollars a week.

During the filming of *Eve*, Mankiewicz said he "thought of her, then, as the loneliest person I'd ever known. Throughout our location period in San Francisco, perhaps two or three weeks, Marilyn would be spotted at one restaurant or another dining alone. Or drinking alone. We'd always ask her to join us, and she would, and seemed pleased, but somehow she never understood or accepted our unspoken assumption that she was one of us. She remained alone. She was not a loner. She was just *alone.*"

Marilyn's performance in *All About Eve* won her a new seven-year contract, which started at $500 and would end at $1,500 a week. She had a small role in Mickey Rooney's *The Fireball*, an unbilled bit in MGM's *Right Cross* starring June Allyson and Dick Powell, and played a secretary in her third and last film for MGM, *Hometown Story*.

She was a secretary again in her first film under her new Fox contract, *As Young As You Feel*. Marilyn got fourth billing after June Haver, William Lundigan and Frank Fay in *Love Nest;* her partner in the film was Jack Paar. Said Star June Haver of Marilyn: "She was so young and pretty, so shy and nervous on that picture, but I remember her scene where she was supposed to be sunning in the backyard of the apartment house where we all lived. When Marilyn walked on the set in her bathing suit and walked to the beach chair, the whole crew gasped, gaped and seemed to turn to stone. They just stopped work and stared; Marilyn had that



She played opposite Don Murray in Bus Stop, *directed by Joshua Logan.*

"If I'm going to be a symbol of something," Marilyn once said, "I'd rather have it sex than some other things they've got symbols of!"

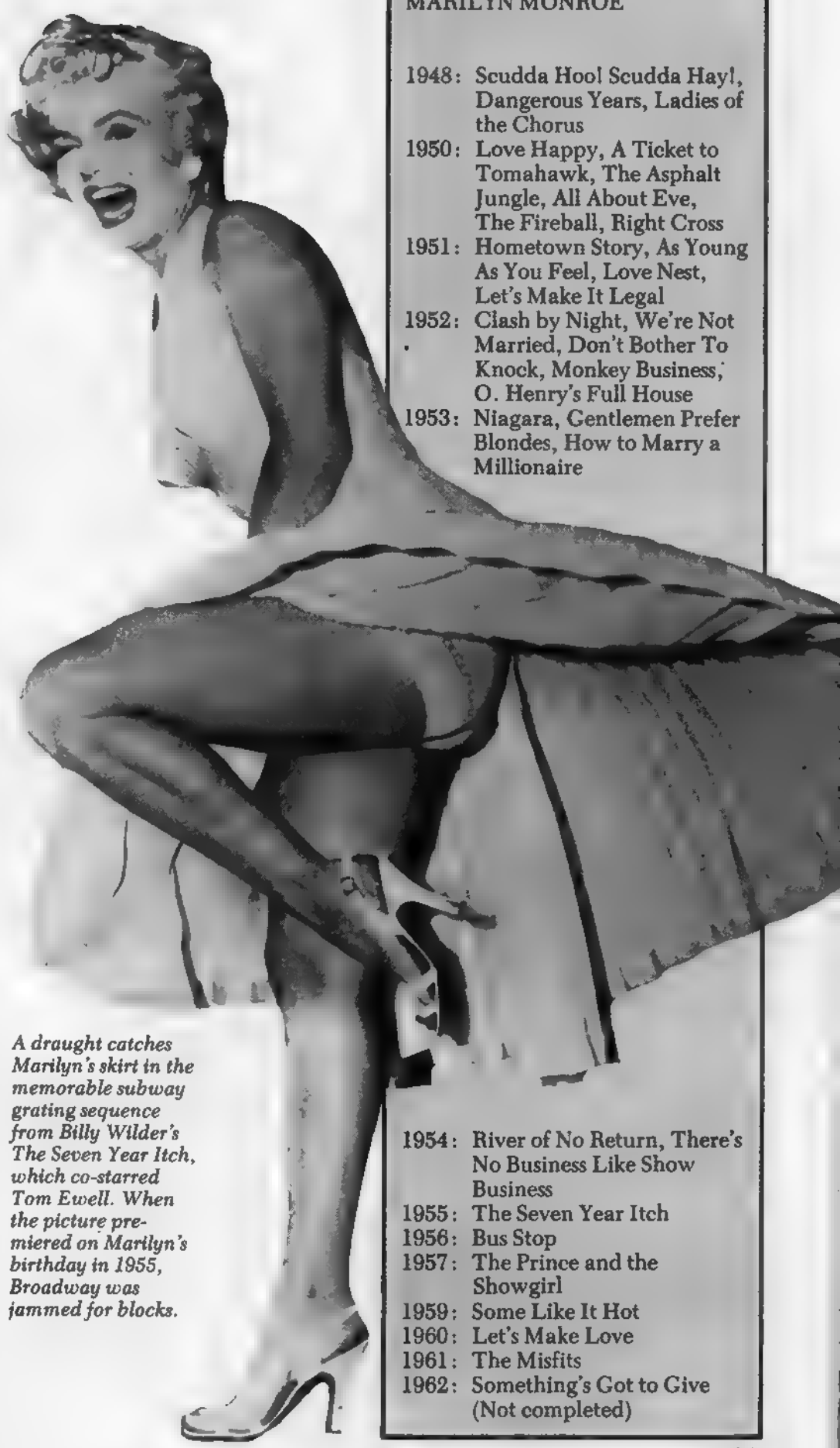
electric something..."

Yes, and she also had the measurements. At a height of five-six, she weighed 118 and measured 37-23-34.

"I never quite understood it, this sex symbol," Marilyn once said. "That's the trouble, a sex symbol becomes a thing. But if I'm going to be a symbol of something, I'd rather have it sex than some other things they've got symbols of!" Another time she told columnist Florabel Muir, "If you're born with what the world calls sex appeal, you can either let it wreck you or use it to your advantage in the tough show business struggle and it isn't always easy to pick the right route."

Her next role was the right choice, in her most important part to date. In 1952's *Clash by Night*, starring Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Ryan, and Paul Douglas in a steaming triangle, Marilyn was Peggy, a cannery worker in love with Stanwyck's brother played by Keith Andes. The *New York Daily News* said, "Marilyn Monroe, who is the new blonde bombshell of Hollywood, manages to look alluring in blue jeans...she and young Andes make their marks on the screen against the stiff competition given them by the three principals." And the *New York Post* called her "a real acting threat to the season's screen blondes."

Her next role was as a beauty contest winner in the comedy, *We're Not Married*, and the *New York Herald Tribune* said she looked "as though she had been carved out of cake by Michelangelo." Critical opinions were divided on her performance as the mentally deranged babysitter in *Don't Bother to Knock*, with Richard Widmark and Anne Bancroft. During the making of this film, reporters discovered that a new 1952 calendar featured a photograph of Marilyn in the nude. Tsk, tsk! Remember—this was 1951. Tom Kelley's shot of the movie star stretched out in profile on crumpled red velvet resulted in perhaps this most famous and controversial Hollywood pin-up



A draught catches Marilyn's skirt in the memorable subway grating sequence from Billy Wilder's The Seven Year Itch, which co-starred Tom Ewell. When the picture premiered on Marilyn's birthday in 1955, Broadway was jammed for blocks.

FILMS OF
MARILYN MONROE

1948: Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!, Dangerous Years, Ladies of the Chorus
1950: Love Happy, A Ticket to Tomahawk, The Asphalt Jungle, All About Eve, The Fireball, Right Cross
1951: Hometown Story, As Young As You Feel, Love Nest, Let's Make It Legal
1952: Clash by Night, We're Not Married, Don't Bother To Knock, Monkey Business, O. Henry's Full House
1953: Niagara, Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, How to Marry a Millionaire
1954: River of No Return, There's No Business Like Show Business
1955: The Seven Year Itch
1956: Bus Stop
1957: The Prince and the Showgirl
1959: Some Like It Hot
1960: Let's Make Love
1961: The Misfits
1962: Something's Got to Give (Not completed)



Olivier both directed and romanced Marilyn in The Prince and the Showgirl.

ever taken (the photo session took place in '49). Marilyn said, "I was hungry. I did nothing wrong." And her answer pleased the press and her public. And the studio panic was over. Marilyn, with her feeling that the human body is nothing to be ashamed of, was a full decade ahead of Women's Lib.

Also in 1952 Marilyn was a secretary to Charles Coburn in *Monkey Business,* starring Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers, and a prostitute accosted by Charles Laughton in "The Cop and the Anthem" section of *O. Henry's Full House.*

1953 was really Marilyn's year. She was now a full-fledged star and got top billing as Joseph Cotten's unfaithful wife in *Niagara.* The *New York Times* said the film made "full use of both the grandeur of the Falls and its adjacent area as well as the grandeur that is Marilyn Monroe. The scenic effects in both cases are superb." The color film was notable, too, for Marilyn's performing one of the longest screen walks in history, in her tight red satin dress. Censorship groups complained of Monroe's sexiness.

Then came one of the classic musicals of the '50s—*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* with Jane Russell and Marilyn, who became good friends during the filming of the picture. Said the *New York Herald-Tribune:* "Putting these two buxom pin-up girls in the same movie is merely giving two-to-one odds on a sure thing, and the payoff is big in a rousing musical."

Then Twentieth Century-Fox top-billed Marilyn, Betty Grable and Lauren Bacall in *How to Marry a Millionaire,* the second



Billy Wilder's Some Like It Hot.

film in CinemaScope (the first was *The Robe*). The *New York Daily News* called it the "funniest comedy of the year" and the *New York Post* said, "It is particularly noteworthy that Miss Monroe has developed more than a small amount of comedy polish of the foot-in-mouth type."

Photoplay chose Marilyn the best new star of the year; she was number eight on the *Motion Picture Herald's* list of the top ten moneymakers of '53. And also in July of that year Marilyn put her hands and feet in wet cement at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. No worry about size this time; the print was just right. Nine years later in a *Life* interview, Marilyn said, "If you've noticed in Hollywood, where millions and billions of dollars have been made, there aren't really any kinds of monuments or museums, and I don't call putting your footprint in Grauman's Chinese a monument." Yet she added, "All right, this did

COMMENTS BY MARILYN

"As a person my work is important to me. My work is the only ground I've ever had to stand on. Acting is very important. To put it bluntly, I seem to have a whole superstructure with no foundation. But I'm working on the foundation."

"I've never been very good at being a member of any group—more than a group of two, that is."

"I want to say that the people—if I am a star—the people made me a star—no studio, no person, but the people did. There was a reaction that came to the studio, the fan mail, or when I went to a premiere, or the exhibitors wanted to meet me. I didn't know why. When they all rushed toward me I looked behind me to see who was there and I said, 'My heavens!'"

"I've always said to my stepchildren that I didn't want to be their mother—or stepmother—as such. I wanted to be their friend. Only time could prove that to them and they had to give me time. But I love them and I adore them. Their lives that are forming are very precious to me. And I know that I had a part in forming them."

"I used to write poetry sometimes but usually I was depressed at those times. The few I showed it to—(in fact about two)—said that it depressed them—one of them cried but it was an old friend I'd known for a long time."

Though reluctant to discuss her marriages, she once said, "I fell in love with two of the nicest men I had met . . . and was lucky enough to marry them."

mean a lot to sentimental ballyhoo me at the time."

In '54 Marilyn costarred with Robert Mitchum and Rory Calhoun in *River of No Return*, which she felt was a "Z cowboy movie" and the worst film of her career. In *There's No Business Like Show Business*, Marilyn did three songs, and Bosley Crowther of the *New York Times* said her "wriggling and squirming in 'Heat Wave' and 'Lazy' are embarrassing."

Then came a picture Marilyn wanted to do—*The Seven Year Itch*, co-starring Tom Ewell repeating his Broadway role, under the direction of Billy Wilder. The picture premiered at Loew's State Theatre in New York on June 1, 1955, Marilyn's birthday, and Broadway was jammed for blocks. On the strength of the picture's big success, Marilyn's new contract at the studio gave her script and director approval. Of the twenty directors she'd worked with, the three she found acceptable were Huston, Mankiewicz, and Wilder.

After *Itch*, Marilyn and DiMaggio were divorced and there was another split: She went from drama coach Natasha Lytess to Paula Strasberg, wife of Lee Strasberg, head of the Actors Studio in New York.

When Marilyn said she wanted to play serious roles such as Grushenka in Dostoevski's *The Brothers Karamazov*, critics and reporters pooh-poohed the idea. But Billy Wilder didn't. He said, "People who haven't read the book don't know that Grushenka is a sex pot. . . . She would be a Grushenka to end all Grushenkas."

It wasn't as Grushenka but as Cherie that Marilyn proved her point in *Bus Stop*, directed by Joshua Logan. In an interview in the *New York Sunday News* March 2, 1975, Logan said he considered this picture his best work on film. "With Marilyn I was very careful, I treated her with respect. I found this poor thing had been treated like a tramp all her life. People yelling at her, 'Come on, blondie, lean over, wiggle your rear.' Yet she knew everything there was to know about a camera. . . ." The *N.Y. Times* critic Bosley Crowther said of *Bus Stop*, "Marilyn Monroe has finally proved herself an actress. She and the picture are swell!"

The critics also liked her performance when she co-starred with Laurence Olivier in her own production of *The Prince and the Showgirl*, filmed in England with Olivier directing. Dame Sibyl Thorndike said that although Marilyn seemed to be doing nothing at all during the shooting, when she appeared on the screen it was a revelation.



Marilyn first posed to boost military morale in the wartime 40s.

Marilyn's picture in '59 saw her co-starring with Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis in another Billy Wilder comedy gem, *Some Like It Hot*. Marilyn's lateness caused problems, and Wilder said, "Marilyn is an extraordinarily capable natural actress. She would be the greatest if she ran like a watch. Not necessarily a Patek-Philippe. I'd settle for a Mickey Mouse. But you can never tell when or if she'll show up for work."

Marilyn's 1960 film was *Let's Make Love*, co-starring France's Yves Montand, with George Cukor directing. John Huston directed her 28th and last completed motion picture, *The Misfits*, written by her husband Arthur Miller, but they were on the verge of divorce at the time the picture was filmed. Her co-stars were Clark Gable (she'd long thought of him as her "secret father") and Montgomery Clift. Said Kate Cameron in the *New York Daily News*, "Gable has never done anything better, nor has Miss Monroe." Paul V. Beckley in the *New York Herald Tribune* said that "her performance ought to make those dubious of her acting ability reverse their opinions. Hers is a dramatic, serious accurate performance, and Gable's is little less than great."

In 1962 Monroe was busy with her housekeeper-companion Eunice Murray decorating a new house in a Mexican style she admired and getting ready for her next film, *Something's Got to Give*, to be directed by Cukor. But her lateness and illnesses delayed production. In the midst of filming, Marilyn took off for New York to appear at President John F. Kennedy's birthday party at Madison Square Garden on May 19. Wearing a dress designed for the occasion by Jean Louis, she sang "Happy Birthday" to Kennedy.

Fox fired her from the picture on June 9, eight days after she'd celebrated her birthday on the set.

On August 5, 1962, Marilyn died, in bed, her hand on the phone. When the summoned doctor broke through the bedroom window, he later came out and quietly announced, "We've lost her." The official verdict: suicide.

Said Cukor: "I think it was the only ending for Marilyn and I think she knew it."

NOSTALGIA QUIZ



RHAPSODY IN BLUE

(*Continued from page 18*)

Only occasionally interesting until then, the concert immediately took fire. From the striking, opening clarinet glissando until the piece's brisk, exciting closing, the Gershwin work held the audience tightly in its grip. The composer was electric at the keyboard, improvising some of the piano passages on the spot. The band strongly supported him with its own brand of excellence. "Up" for this performance, the Whiteman organization played precisely yet informed the work with a fund of feeling.

Conductor Whiteman found it a highly emotional experience. "Somewhere in the middle of the score, I began crying," the late band leader told one observer. "When I came to myself, I was 11 pages along, and...I cannot tell you how I conducted that far."

As the work moved into its coda section, the audience spontaneously extended its appreciation to all concerned, breaking into what developed into an ovation that brought Gershwin back to the stage several times after the piece was concluded.

The critics, however, responded with less enthusiasm, trying for an objectivity that rarely concerns audiences.

Olin Downes, in the *New York Times*, commented: "This composition shows extraordinary talent, just as it shows a young composer with aims that go far beyond those of his ilk, struggling with a form of which he is far from being master." But, he added, "The audience was stirred, and many a hardened concertgoer excited with the sensation of a new talent finding its voice, and likely to say something personally and racially important to the world."

"Its gorgeous vitality of rhythm and of instrumental color is impaired by melodic and harmonic anemia of the most pernicious kind," Lawrence Gilman said in the *New York Tribune*. "How trite and feeble and conventional the tunes are, how sentimental and



vapid the harmonic treatment, under its disguise of fussy and futile counterpoint!"

"...a highly ingenious work," William J. Henderson declared in the *Herald*. "If this way lies the path toward the upper development of American music in a high art form, then one can heartily congratulate Mr. Gershwin on his disclosure of some of the possibilities."

Despite the "diffuseness, want of self-criticism and structural uncertainty" of the piece, Deems Taylor of the *World* reported, the composer "is a link between the jazz camp and the intellectuals," The *Rhapsody*, he further declared "revealed a genuine melodic gift and a piquant and individual harmonic sense to lend significance to its rhythmic ingenuity....Mr. Gershwin will bear watching; he may yet bring jazz out of the kitchen."

But was it jazz?

In today's terms, we would be hard put to say so. A three-part piece, of which two-fifths is piano solo work, it has as much in common with Liszt and Tschaikowsky, Debussy and Chopin, Tin Pan Alley and the musical theater, as it has with jazz. "Jazzy" elements, blues devices and syncopated rhythms structure the work and keep it moving. But for all this, it is more identifiably American, a "melting pot," as Gershwin planned, than anything else. Brash, young and hopeful, it mirrors urban, cosmopolitan America as it was in the 1920s. Therein lies its essential value.

In no way could the *Rhapsody* be considered highly revolutionary. It broke with few established precedents. It assembled what already existed and organized sounds and rhythms in an accessible, provocative manner. It was, as one writer put it, "the first American attempt to apply a popular idiomatic style to larger forms of music, and to use not only the themes of popular music but the instruments commonly used in presenting it."

"It *was* a highly significant event," says Kay Swift, musician and friend of the composer. "No doubt about it. The day after the Aeolian Hall concert, New York was abuzz about George's *Rhapsody*."

Pianist Milton Rettenberg, who replaced Gershwin during the Whiteman tour in 1924 that introduced the *Rhapsody* in various cities around the country, ads: "The *Rhapsody in Blue* brought innovative figuration and counterpoint to the field of popular music. It gave rise to new methods of arranging.

"But make no mistake, the *Rhapsody* was not the first of its kind. French composer Darius Milhaud completed the 'jazzy' *La Creation du Monde* the year before, while George was in Paris. I'm sure it influenced him. There were other musicians as well who preceded Gershwin in bringing a bit of jazz to certain of their pieces: Stravinsky, Erik Satie, even Debussy.



Gershwin was essentially self-taught.

How did Gershwin himself feel about the work?

Like "a proud father." He delighted "in playing portions for anyone or everyone who would listen. But his adoration never quite succeeded in blurring the clarity of his critical perception," Merle Armitage writes.

Kay Swift says: "Because of the success of the *Rhapsody*, because he had to play it so often, he was spurred to go on to other bigger things. George respected what the *Rhapsody* had done for him but looked to what the future would bring."

The response to the *Rhapsody* made Gershwin all the more aware of his lack of training. Though he had studied composition with Charles Hambitzer, Edward Kilenyi and Ruben Goldmark for brief periods prior to writing the *Rhapsody*, he was essentially self-taught. So, he sought to acquire the facility and depth of the accomplished composer with France's Vincent D'Indy and Joseph Schillinger, the well-known theorist.

This was very much in keeping with Gershwin's way of doing things. Kay Swift explains:

"He wanted to know! Every kind of music was his interest. He felt as strongly about Bach and Wagner as he did about jazz and the music of the theater.

"An encourager, an enthusiast, he not only was caught up in his own work but in the creations of so many others—so much so that he behaved like a fan. I know first hand of his great love for Irving Berlin and Jerome Kern, for early Harold Arlen music and the playing of jazz pianist Fats Waller.

"George approached life as if it was an extraordinary adventure. He extracted a great deal out of the happenings of every day. By translating them beautifully into music, making each experience and feeling personal and meaningful to all of us, he gave so much more back. Really that's what George was all about. He returned so much on a small investment.

"With the *Rhapsody*, George first proved in a major way he was in close touch with himself. He also showed he was on intimate terms with American music—in all its variety—and *the people*," Ms. Swift concludes. "Like so much of his work, the *Rhapsody* reaches out for the audience. Obviously it has made contact over the years. Almost everyone who has heard the work feels an intimate connection with it. Even those who know nothing at all about music care for the piece. The reason? It has a quality that makes you feel you're participating, much as you do when watching Fred Astaire dance."

George Gershwin had this extraordinary capacity to humanize music and project emotion in 1924. Ten years later, with the writing of his magnum opus *Porgy and Bess*, he had an enviably strong hold on his talent and the techniques that allow for its realization. He was still growing.

One often wonders, when reviewing his extraordinary catalogue of songs for Broadway and Hollywood, and his concert music output, what might have happened had his life not been snuffed out so suddenly at 38, in 1937.

BURTON WHEELER

(Continued from page 61)

had other rather suspicious financial dealings with Sinclair.

A Senate investigation and trial followed. Doheny escaped conviction but Sinclair was convicted for tampering with the jury and refusing to answer some of the Senate Committee's questions, particularly those questions relating to whether he gave money to Albert Fall. Despite an appeal to the Supreme Court, Sinclair was given a three-month jail sentence.

Daugherty wasn't so lucky. In the course of Wheeler's industrious investigation of the Attorney General, the ex-wife of one of Daugherty's closest aides was produced. This precursor to Martha Mitchell testified that Daugherty had had numerous financial dealings with Sinclair and had in addition accepted a substantial bribe in return for not prosecuting a "certain party ." Although Daugherty was subsequently acquitted of charges of conspiracy to defraud the Federal government, President Coolidge asked for—and received—Daugherty's resignation.

Wheeler soon put his newly-minted national reputation to use. He ran for Vice-President in 1924 on the Progressive ticket, a third party backed by dissatisfied liberals hoping for a grass roots farm-labor coalition—a backlash to the scandal-ridden Harding-Coolidge administration. Their party platform espoused public ownership of railroads, water power and other national commodities, direct Presidential elections, heavy taxation of large incomes and estates, numerous anti-war and anti-arms limitations as well as a number of farm-labor reforms. Although the Progressives got five million votes, they finished a very distant third in the election. Wheeler then returned to the Democratic fold, backing the party's nominee Al Smith in 1928. By 1930, Wheeler was solidly behind FDR's drive for the 1932 nomination.

Wheeler voted for most of Roosevelt's legislation during the 30s—until 1937 when he once again played the maverick. Roosevelt was unhappy with the Supreme Court as it was then constituted. He sought to remedy that by proposing to add one justice for every one over 70 who refused to resign. If FDR's plan worked, he could have quickly added six new judges to the Supreme Court. Wheeler was mortified; to him, it was an uncalled-for abuse of Presidential power. He became the spokesman for the anti-packing forces in the Senate, garnering the support of conservative Democrats as well as the blessing of Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes and Associate Justice Louis Brandeis. Although Roosevelt tried every way he knew to get Wheeler to change his mind, the Senator from Montana was adamant. He still insisted that FDR's scheme would destroy the Supreme Court and undermine the Constitution. Wheeler was successful in his crusade and Roosevelt's proposal was soundly defeated—70 to 20—in the Senate. But Roosevelt soon forgot Wheeler's opposition and three years later, he asked Wheeler to be his running mate in the forthcoming election. He declined, however, feeling he could better use his influence as a Senator.



Wheeler in 1972 at the age of 90.

Wheeler enjoyed immense popularity in the Senate until the early 40s when, due to his fervent isolationism, he rapidly fell from public favor.

Wheeler did not back the American war effort until Pearl Harbor was bombed in December, 1941; but his change of mind came too late. War fever hit the country overnight and the frenetic patriotism that ensued had made the term "isolationist" a label to be avoided, and after four terms in the Senate, Burton K. Wheeler was defeated in the 1946 primary and his career came to an end.

Wheeler stayed on in Washington after leaving the Senate and developed a very lucrative private law practice with dozens of corporate clients—a far cry from the rebel legislator who bucked the copper barons in 1913. He was also active as a spokesman for a number of conservative causes, until his recent death. It is both surprising and ironic that a man who spent 40 invigorating years in politics, who nearly became Vice - President twice, who prosecuted a major scandal, and who singlehandedly sent a President's cherished Supreme Court plan down the drain should recede so quietly from the national scene. Like the proverbial old soldier, Burton K. Wheeler perhaps preferred to simply fade away.

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NOSTALGIA IS...

(*Continued from page 4*)

with your continued support, we'll be able to get around to just about everyone *eventually.*

We'd like to hear from our other readers on who (or what) they'd like to see featured in the pages of NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED.

To The Editors:

I have just read NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED #2. I read it especially for the article on swashbucklers—a form of entertainment I greatly enjoy. I am sure Mr. Russ Jones knows more on the subject than I do, but he should have known that Errol Flynn did not play Sir Francis Drake in "The Sea Hawk." The character's name was Geoffrey Thorpe. Also, that picture on pages 42-43 shows Errol Flynn and Basil Rathbone in "The Adventures of Robin Hood," and not Flynn and Henry Daniell in "The Sea Hawk." I hope he does not mind.

Sincerely,
Donald Webster
Hapeville, Georgia

To The Editors:

I have just bought your premiere issue of your magazine for the month of November, 1974, and I have really enjoyed reading all your articles. It is simply a wonderful magazine!

Being a fan of the "Big Band Era", I would like to read articles, see pictures, etc., of those wonderful years of the 30's and 40's. It would be great to review the song hits; the records made by singers like Bing Crosby (The King of them all!), The Mills Brothers, and bands like Benny Goodman, Ray Noble, Tommy & Jimmy Dorsey, and many other orchestras of those bygone days.

After writing these few lines, it has come to my mind that maybe I could collaborate with your writers on articles not more than 300 words on those band leaders, their performances, and the hits they recorded in those years. I have a few books about this subject from where I could gather information of importance to your magazine.

Wishing you and your staff all the success in your future issues, I remain,

Yours truly,
Orlando Fernandez
Hialeah, Florida

For the most part, we have a staff of writers who are well read in all areas of nostalgia, but we'd like to thank everyone who wrote in to offer their services.

We'd also like to thank all of those who wrote in with corrections when they found an occasional error in one of our writers' information. It's nice to know our readers are on their toes.

To The Editors:

I recently purchased a copy of NOSTALGIA ILLUSTRATED, Vol. II, No. 2. Your magazine is truly exceptional and I have enjoyed it immensely. I would like to know if there is a possibility of purchasing the previous issues (I mailed in my subscription last week).

I would also like to call your attention to a couple of errors in the above issue. On page 9, the article on Gable by Dianne Kurlfinke states that Carole Lombard was "twenty-eight years his (Gable's) junior." William Clark Gable was born in February 1901 in Cadiz, Ohio. Since Mr. Gable married Miss Lombard on March 29, 1939 his wife could have been no older than ten when she wed him! In actuality, Miss Lombard was born in 1909 and thus, she was only *eight* years his junior.

Why not add a letter column to your magazine?

Thank you.

Sincerely,
David P. Strauss
St. Louis, Mo.

Again, thanks for the corrections, people.

And, as you can see, David, we have *added a letter column to the magazine, of which this is the end. (A special thanks to Gwen (Mom) Vohland for coming up with the title for this feature.)*

Send all letters of comment and questions to:

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NOSTALGIA PREVIEW

Coming Next Issue



THE MAKING OF COCOANUTS

The fabulous furry Marx Brothers unleashed on an unsuspecting Hollywood.

MARLON BRANDO: THE DEFINITIVE REBEL

He mumbled his way to the top, making a torn T-shirt a mark of respectability.

BEFORE THERE WAS ROCK

Tunes were melodic, arrangements lush, voices were in harmony and youth was viewed as a romantic state of mind; not as an age group.

ALSO: The Tom Swifties and elephant jokes; Theresa Brewer; old Radio; Jack Johnson; Jeffrey Hunter and much more.

JOHN GARFIELD

(*Continued from page 13*)

was an attempt to protect long-time friends such as Kazan, Rossen and Odets who later confessed to Communist associations. Whatever the reason, the result was that the Committee ordered the FBI to investigate Garfield, an action that stopped his film career totally. Only one more film was released—*He Ran All the Way*—which was poorly received, perhaps due more to its inferior quality than the bad publicity. It was a tragic finale to a movie career that had started so brilliantly.

For the next 18 months, Garfield was out of work. He spent much of his time with lawyers from the Anti-Defamation League trying to straighten out the contradictions in his Committee testimony and campaigning for the lead in the movie *Taxi*, which ultimately went to Dan Dailey. But in the beginning of 1952, Garfield went back to work on Broadway—ironically, in a revival of *Golden Boy*. His last work as an actor was playing the role he was meant to play 15 years earlier. The show had a limited run of nine weeks. A few weeks later, on May 21, 1952, John Garfield died of a heart attack. He was 39

His funeral was attended by more than 10,000 people, causing *Newsweek* to comment, "Not since the death of screen idol Rudolph Valentino has there been such a public display of grief over a film personality."

Elia Kazan remembered him thusly: "John Garfield was the first of the natural off-the-street rebels, very different from the type played by Cagney and Bogart. He, himself, was a naive, pure-hearted awfully nice boy. He was quite deep in politics; he was deeper in it than a person with his tolerance for pain should have been. I really loved him."

A lot of people loved John Garfield, in spite of the fact that he rarely got a chance to play great roles in films. He died before he had the opportunity to explore his range as an actor. The tragedy of John Garfield is that his life was too much like a John Garfield movie. He deserved better.

REMEMBER WHEN...

(*Continued from page 58*)

Answers

1. Anaheim, Azusa and Ku-ka-monga
2. Groucho, Chico, Harpo, Zeppo and Gummo
3. "Today" in its early editions
4. "A fiery horse with the speed of light"; The Lone Ranger's Silver, naturally
5. A baseball player
6. Mrs. Nussbaum, a resident of (Fred) Allen's Alley
7. Neither. She was a girl detective in the children's book series of the same name
8. Johnny Ray
9. Wendy, Michael and John; Nana
10. A., Jingles; B., Ralph Kramden; C., John Cameron Swayze; D., George Gobel
11. "Good evening"
12. Bob (Elliott) and Ray (Goulding)
13. "Right down the drain"
14. B., Ignatz; A., Minnie; C., Morty
15. False. He worked for Honeywell & Todd (Chester A. Riley worked for Cunningham, as a riveter.)
16. "Oo ee, oo aa aa, ting tang, walla walla bing bang."
17. Farmer McGregor's
18. Boy, the son of Tarzan and Jane
19. C., Happy Tooth; A., Rootie Kazootie; D., Uncle $crooge; B., Bugs Bunny
20. Cranston, Gillis, Carpentier
21. Vichy water
22. Mary Shelley, author of *Frankenstein*
23. D., Jack Armstrong; A., Mr. Keen; C., Mike Fink; B., Davy Crockett
24. Estes Kefauver, the candidate in the coonskin cap
25. An early radio Quiz Kid, real name Gerald Darrow, expert in birds, animals and Greek mythology
26. Claudia
27. Cripple Creek, a little mining town in Colorado
28. "Goodness had nothing to do with it, dearie," in *Night After Night*
29. Don McNeil; Chicago
30. Forte (he was the rock singer)







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Edward Arnold once considered running for Republican Senator from California. Brawny Wallace Beery entered show business as a chorus boy. At 61, Marie Dressler made a comeback and became MGM's highest paid star. A clerk in MGM's legal department saw young Ava Gardner's photo in the window of a New York photographer and distributed 60 copies throughout MGM. Stewart Granger's real name is James Stewart (wonder why he changed it?).

These are just a few of the thousands of cinematic facts in *The MGM Stock Company: The Golden Era*. This reference directory to gigantic MGM is a cornucopia of film lore, with carefully detailed biographies and career studies of nearly 150 MGM greats from June Allyson to Robert Young.

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